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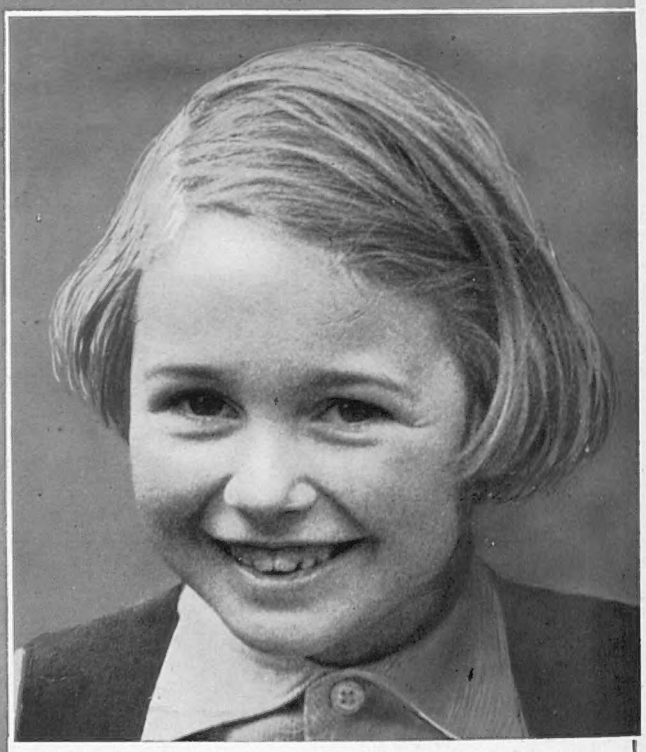

Little lives, once sad, may, with your help, be lifted up where brightness shall follow gloom, and laughter take the place of tears. Children needing care and protection because of the war are daily joining

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 21, 1940

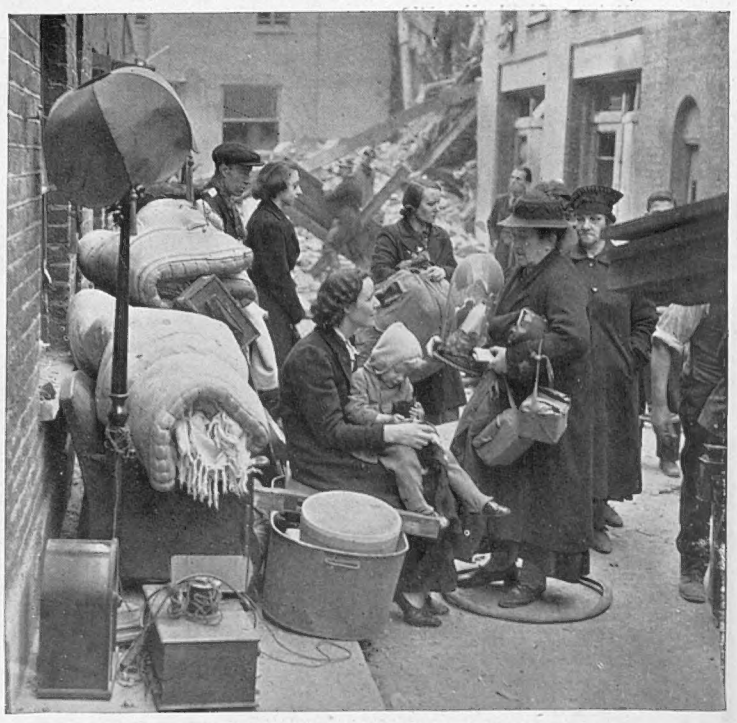
THE HEROES OF ST. PAUL'S

Lieutenant R. Davies and Two of the Members of His "Bomb Disposal Unit"

The whole of London has been ringing with praise of the heroism of Canadian-born Lieut. R. Davies and the members of his Bomb Disposal Unit who safely removed the huge bomb from beneath St. Paul's and exploded it harmlessly on the Hackney Marshes. It was not until this incident that the majority of Londoners became aware of the existence of such a band of nerveless heroes! The high-explosive bomb fell on Thursday: from then till Sunday it remained a menace to the safety of the Cathedral, and had it exploded there is no doubt but that it would have wrecked the historic structure. Digging went on continuously, despite blazing gas mains and the risk of road collapse, until the bomb was reached. It was then hauled out by two lorries, loaded on to another lorry and driven at top speed to the Marshes. It weighed a ton, and when exploded caused a crater 100 ft. in diameter. (*Further pictures on page 360*)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

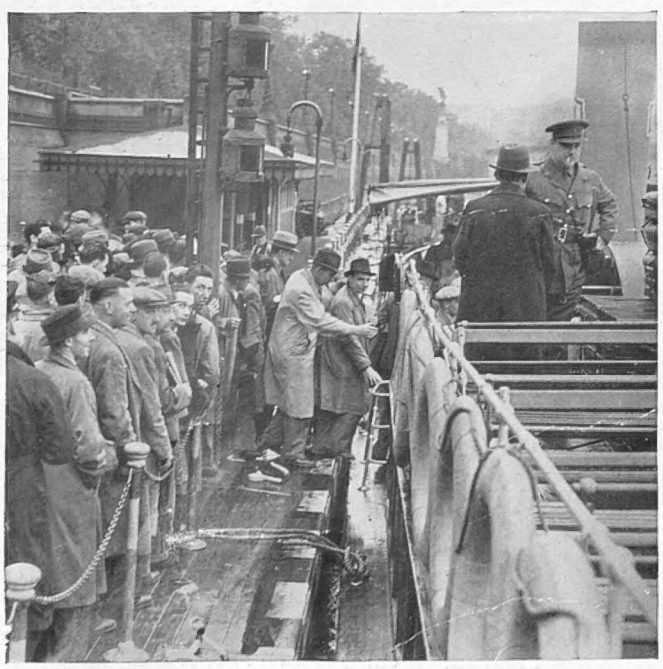
HOUSEHOLDERS IN A SOUTH LONDON SUBURB QUEUE UP FOR WATER: This has been one of the minor problems of the air raids: a number of water mains have been hit and thus supplies have been temporarily cut off. Repairs have, however, been carried out very expeditiously, and one by one the queues at the water mains have diminished



AN ALL-TOO-COMMON SIGHT IN THE BOMBED AREAS: Families with some of their salvaged belongings sitting outside their wrecked homes for conveyance to other, and safer, areas. Dockland and the East End have been the worst sufferers from the raids

THE OPEN-AIR CONFERENCE AFTER THE BOMBING: Brewery officials reach their "office" after a raid, and consider their next move

THE HOME GUARD SETTLE DOWN: Taking charge of a bombed building, the members of the protection squad make themselves comfortable. "Lunch" is served in the open air on one of the few remaining tables



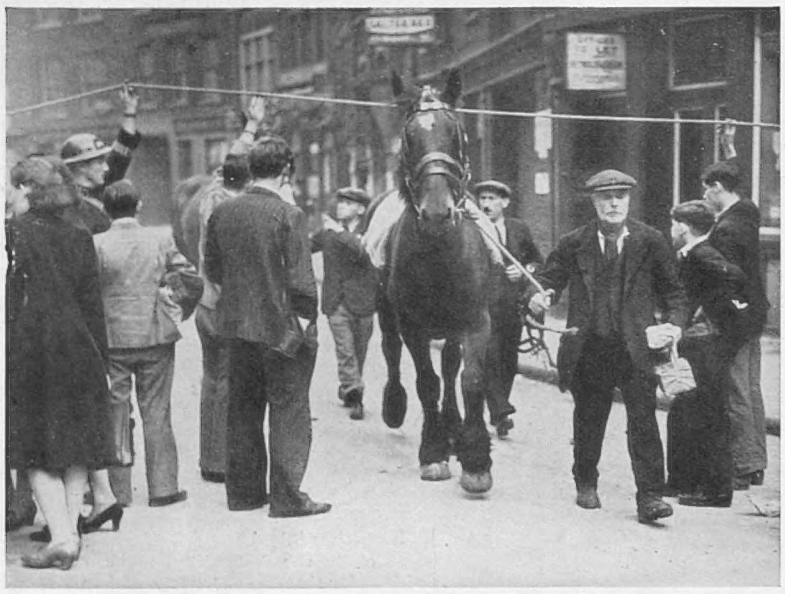
ONE OF LONDON'S ALTERNATIVE METHODS OF TRANSPORT—THE NEW RIVER "BUS SERVICE".

As a temporary expedient, and to help Londoners living within distance of the river, a passenger service has been started along the Thames by the Ministry of Transport. It operates between Woolwich and Westminster and relieves road congestion. From Monday onwards, the boats operated at 20-min. intervals. The service has been well patronised

The SPIRIT of LONDON in the AIR RAIDS

SALVAGED FROM WRECKED HOMES IN NORTH LONDON: This furniture, much of it undamaged, has been rescued from tenement houses hit by bombs. A surprising amount of personal property has been salvaged—undamaged

DETERMINED TO CARRY ON: This newspaper seller in Fleet Street declared that people need newspapers during air raids. He has secured a tin hat and now remains at his post



THE HORSES ARE NOT FORGOTTEN DURING THE RAIDS: The London van-driver does not desert his horses during the raids. If the noise and bursting shells are too much, he takes them to an archway or other place of safety. If this cannot be done, the driver usually stays in the street with his horses!

DOCKLAND VICTIMS SAIL TO SAFETY: FIVE HUNDRED OF THEM GO TO SAFER HOMES IN THE COUNTRY BY RIVER STEAMERS

HOMELESS VICTIMS OF THE RAIDS SHELTER IN THE UNDERGROUND: A scene in one of the Underground stations at night. Here victims of previous bombing raids are permitted to shelter at nights. Most of these men, women and children are making light of their troubles

AN EIGHTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD WOMAN FROM DOCKLAND GOES ON A STRETCHER TO THE RIVER STEAMER

A Thames pleasure steamer was used to evacuate some of the women and children from their bombed Dockland homes to rural districts outside London. Several aged women—too old and infirm to walk—were carried on board on stretchers. They were told early one morning to be ready to move within an hour or two. In this "island" area of London, where the drawbridges of Dockland are raised as the warning sirens sound, high-explosive bombs have been dropped all round the people's homes

WHEN NAPOLEON THREATENED INVASION

How Britain Prepared to Meet the Two Occasions on which the Great Corsican Actively Threatened Invasion and How the Victory of Trafalgar Finally Compelled Napoleon to Relinquish his Dearest Scheme

SUNDAY and Monday (September 15 and 16) of this week were the much advertised dates of the Hitler invasion of England. Large concentrations of small craft, barges and flat-bottomed boats had been reported from various points along the Belgian and French coasts. Their positions have been located by British reconnaissance machines and have been well and truly bombed by other branches of the R.A.F. Some of the other concentrations of enemy craft were discovered to be in rivers, notably the Scheldt, others were drawn up in Dutch inland water-ways; a considerable number were in seaboard harbours and in outer roadsteads.

At the time of writing (Tuesday evening, September 17) the heavy weather in the Straits of Dover, which had increased to the force of a strong gale, drove the more exposed vessels from their moorings. These light craft, seeking shelter in the nearest harbours or river mouths, took up new positions which were duly noted by the watchfulness of British flying craft.

For some days the British Army has been on its toes, awaiting with impatience any indication of where and when an attack might be launched upon our shores. It is not the first time that armed British forces and the whole nation itself has endured the threat of invasion from a European dictator. Twice during Napoleon's dominance of Europe, this country was seriously threatened by Napoleon. The first one, in 1798, was much less serious than the second, which was intended to take place in the year of the great victory of Trafalgar.

The long preparations throughout the year 1804 were to culminate in 1805. Napoleon, who was essentially a landsman, had been compelled by the force of circumstance to press on with a second attempt at invasion. He was not blind to the necessity of clearing his path by the destruction of the British Fleet. He was reported to say, "Let us concentrate all our activity on our navy and destroy England—that done, Europe is at our feet."

Throughout the early part of 1804 Napoleon was busy with his vast preparations for the invasion of England. Dr. Holland Rose describes his untiring energies: "He pushed on the naval preparations at the dockyards of France, Holland, and North Italy; the great mole that was to shelter the roadstead at Cherbourg was hurried forward, and the coast from the Seine to the Rhine became 'a coast of iron and bronze'—to use Marmont's picturesque phrase—while every harbour swarmed with small craft destined for an invasion. Troops were withdrawn from the Rhenish frontiers and encamped along the shores of Picardy; others were stationed in reserve at St. Omer, Montreuil, Bruges, and Utrecht, while smaller camps were formed at Ghent, Compiègne, and St. Malo. The banks of the Elbe, Weser, Scheldt, Somme, and Seine—even as far up as Paris itself—rang with the blows of shipwrights labouring to strengthen the flotilla of flat-bottomed vessels destined for the invasion of England."

In this grandiose scheme Napoleon trusted almost entirely to his flotilla of flat-bottomed boats which were to convey 100,000 men across the wind-swept Channel. He wrote to Admiral Gantheaume, "Do you think it will take us to the English coast? Eight hours of darkness which favour us would decide the fate of the universe." Yet the British naval commanders, after an examination of one of these boats which they had captured, expressed supreme contempt for these unseaworthy craft which were summed up as "completely contemptible and ridiculous."

Throughout the whole year of 1804 England was under the constant threat of invasion, learning of the immense army arrayed on the opposite coast. But it was not until August, 1805, that Napoleon considered he was fully ready. He had ordered his admirals, blockaded at the harbours of Toulon and Rochefort, to elude the enemy and make a dash for the West Indies, whither Nelson would follow them. They were then to dodge the British ships and slip back again, making for the Channel, after picking up the Spanish squadrons.

The Emperor reviewed his army at Boulogne on August 3—"a line of soldiery nine miles long"—and all was set for the great attempt, waiting for the arrival of Villeneuve's fleet from Spain. But that fleet, owing to a misunderstanding of orders, had sailed to Cadiz and remained inactive at the very moment it was urgently expected. All the time and labour expended upon the scheme which was to make him master of England had come to nought and in order to avoid the loss of prestige, consequent from the failure of the much talked-of invasion, Napoleon rapidly changed his plans and marched his vast army eastward.

It will be noticed that there is a certain similarity in the proposed invasion of 1805 and that of 1940. Hitler has the command of the same seaboard as Napoleon—from the Elbe to the Channel, and there is the same feverish accumulation of all kinds of craft for the conveying of troops. rivers and ports along the coast. Perchance another similarity will occur and the much vaunted invasion will be postponed for a more favourable moment.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS A MILITARY OBJECTIVE: Three times during the past week the London home of the King and Queen has been subjected to wanton bombing by Nazi airmen. On the first occasion a time bomb, believed to be a 250-pounder, fell near the Belgian Suite, burying itself ten feet in the ground and forcing up some of the terrace. On Saturday of last week a bomber dived low over the Palace and released five bombs which fell in and around the grounds. On the following day, however, the third plane that attempted to repeat the attack was brought down riddled with machine-gun bullets in the courtyard of Victoria Station. Their Majesties who have escaped unscathed from all these murderous attempts, are seen in the Palace grounds with Mr. Churchill who went to inspect the damage. (*Further pictures on pages* 368 *and* 369 *of this issue*)

THE KING PAYS A VISIT TO THE ADMIRALTY DURING HIS ACTIVE WEEK OF EFFORT: His Majesty found time this week to pay a visit to the Admiralty headquarters where he was received by Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty. The King was shown round the Chart Room and also saw the reception of the latest wireless messages from the Fleet

An Appeal to the Women of England in 1804 (August 7)

"We cannot hide from our eyes the motions of the Tyrant who has overrun two-thirds of the globe: Terror flies before him; Outrage, Devastation, and Famine pursue his steps; Kingdoms, Republics, laid in the dust . . , he turns the whole weight of that artillery by which they were demolished upon the island of Great Britain: to level her 'proud towers,' to lay waste her 'pleasant places,' to smother the ashes of her towns, and of her villages with the mangled bodies of her sons; to call tears of blood down the deathful cheeks of her violated daughters, is now the sanguinary dream of Bonaparte. To oppose this Tyrant and his followers, our brave Englishmen are preparing themselves. Brutal Ferocity will assail on the one hand; Manly Courage will defend on the other."

ACTUALLY ON THE SEASHORE OVERLOOKING THE CHANNEL: The Prime Minister, accompanied by Mr. A. V. Alexander (First Lord of the Admiralty), Admiral Sir Dudley Pound (First Sea Lord), General Sir Alan Brooke (C.-in-C. Home Forces) and General Sir John Dill (Chief of the Imperial General Staff), has just carried out a thorough inspection of the Southern and Eastern Defences. Mr. Churchill and Mr. A. V. Alexander are in the foreground of the above scene

A DISCUSSION BY THE SEASHORE: The beaches of Eastern and Southern England have no longer their late-summer crowds of holiday-makers. The shingle and the sea turf is trodden in many cases only by the watchers and the visiting military chiefs. This picture shows General Sir Alan Brooke (C.-in-C. British Forces), General Sir John Dill and Major-General Wardet in conference after an inspection

THE PRIME MINISTER VISITS OUR "INVASION" DEFENCES

A SMILING WELCOME WHEREVER HE GOES: During the tour of the Coastal Defences here illustrated the Prime Minister alighted at a little railway station. There was only a small group of stalwart locals to welcome him, but they turned out, as the people do everywhere throughout Britain, to welcome Mr. Churchill

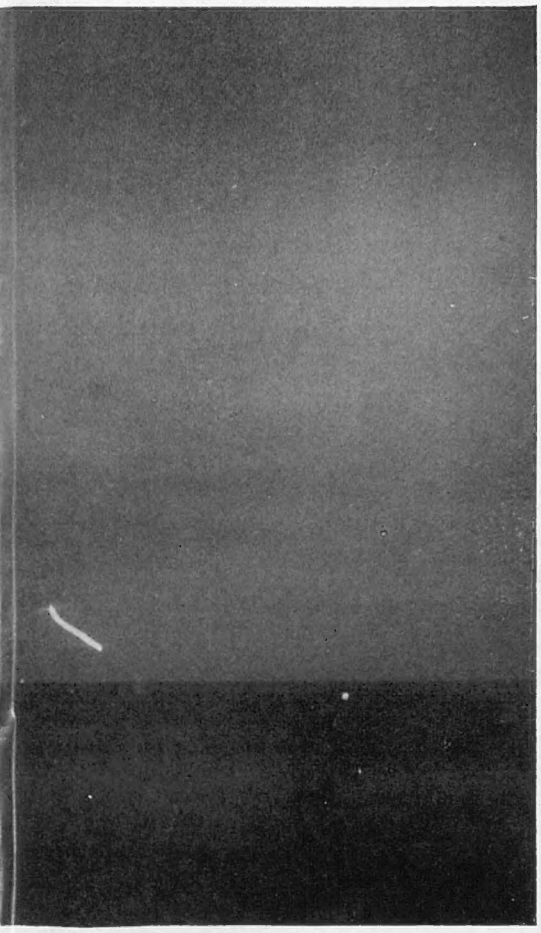
THE FIERY FRIEZE SEEN FROM THE ENGLISH COAST DURING THE PAST WEEK-END AS WATCHERS GAZED ACROSS THE CHANNEL

Night observers on the English coast have seen the night fires over the French coast some 25 miles away. This record of the scene was taken from a pierhead, with a long-distance lens. The whitish band across the sky is the reflection from a fire started by our bombs. Two bunches of German searchlights, part of the enemy's coast defences, can be seen fanning out on the left. The intervening groups of white spots and dots are flashes from A.A. guns and shell bursts. The streak on the right

THIS CREW WILL NOT BE ABLE TO "TELL THE TALE" AT HOME: AFTER RAIDING LONDON AN ENEMY PLANE IS BROUGHT DOWN ON THE SOUTH-EAST COAST

In the forefront of the group are a couple of German airmen, part of the crew of five from a Heinkel III which had taken part in a raid over London. It was on its way home to France when the journey was interrupted by a Hurricane fighter. The burning plane in the background tells the story of what happened in the air. Both the prisoners are young men, one hatless, the other helmeted and smoking a cigarette. The German Command is said to take great pains amongst its squadrons to cover up loss of personnel.

VICTORY in the AIR During the "INVASION" WEEK: Enemy Pilots and their Planes Brought to Earth

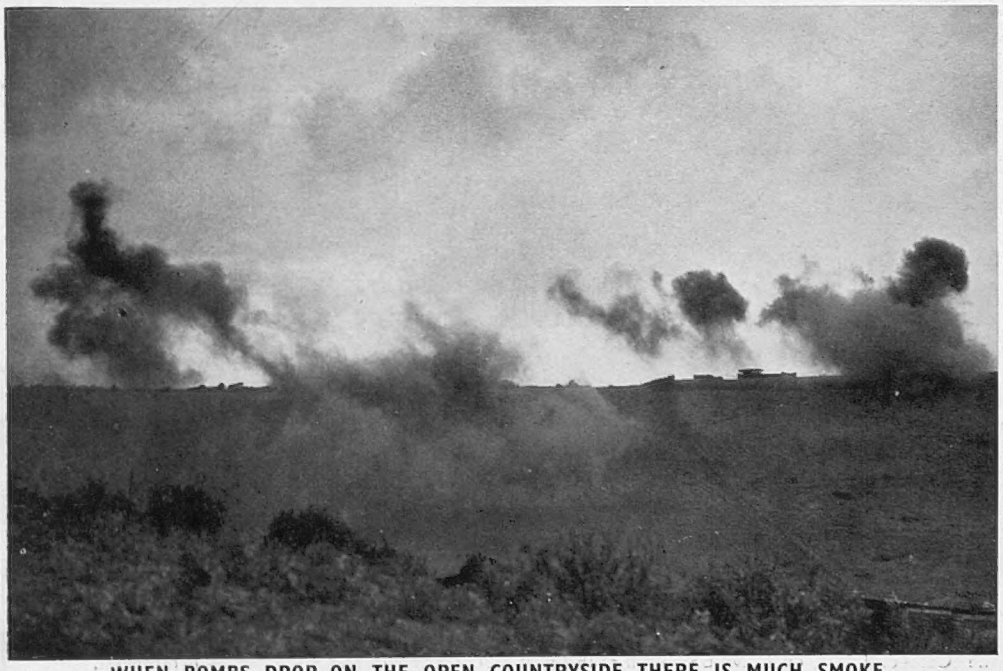


TO FRANCE

is an R.A.F. flare. Weather in the Channel changed completely on Monday, and there was prospect of increasing gales from the south-west

A "VICTORY ROLL" CELEBRATES THE FALL OF A GERMAN PLANE

In the right-hand upper corner of the view a British fighter plane is just celebrating its victory by executing the now-famous "victory roll," the spontaneously devised joy manœuvre of the R.A.F.



WHEN BOMBS DROP ON THE OPEN COUNTRYSIDE THERE IS MUCH SMOKE

The variety of results from falling bombs seems largely to be determined by the quality of the resisting material. On this occasion six bombs were dropped on rising ground near the South-East Coast. Some craters and a deal of smoke resulted. The man behind the camera was not hurt

A VARIED TRIO OF "LUFTWAFFE" PRISONERS

Searching the German crew of the Heinkel III after the crash to earth. Officers of the R.A.F. Intelligence Department often get useful clues from small objects found in the crashed aeroplanes

THE ENEMY DO NOT WANT US TO STUDY THEIR MACHINES

When this Messerschmitt 110 was shot down over the South-East Coast, it landed in very good condition, other than the local injury received. A number of German planes above, observing this, attempted to destroy the captured plane, but their aim was not good enough, as can be seen here

HEROES ALL!—THE BOMB SQUAD WHICH SAVED ST. PAUL'S: The story of the St. Paul's bomb will be an Epic of this war. It was no ordinary bomb—it weighed nearly a ton and bristled with fuses. Now that their work has been made known there is a public clamour that official recognition should be made of their wonderful work

The MEN WITHOUT FEAR

The Members of the "Bomb Disposal Unit," Whose Heroism at St. Paul's Has Thrilled the Whole of London

LIEUT. R. DAVIES (CENTRE) WITH HIS SQUAD AT WORK: These are the men who worked with death at St. Paul's, digging down 26 ft. at the west end of the Cathedral before they could get to the bomb buried deep in the clay below the footpath

WHERE THE BOMB FELL ON THE WEST SIDE OF ST. PAUL'S: The one-ton explosive bomb fell at this spot at the edge of the pavement. It remained there for three days, an imminent threat to the Cathedral

LIEUT. R. DAVIES, WITH SERGEANT J. WILSON (LEFT) AND LANCE-CORPORAL J. P. O'FARRELL (RIGHT) OF THE BOMB DISPOSAL UNIT

THE HUGE CRATER, 100 FT. ACROSS, CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE ST. PAUL'S BOMB AT HACKNEY MARSHES ON SUNDAY LAST

SIZE IN SUBMARINES —A Vital Problem

By FRANK C. BOWEN

Drawings by Montague Dawson

THE FIRST OF THE FIFTY UNITED STATES DESTROYERS FOR BRITAIN UNDERGOING THEIR TESTS

The fifty over-age American destroyers handed over to Britain are already reaching Canadian ports. Some of them have been undergoing tests to acquaint British sailors with their handling during the course of short two-hour "exercises." It has been stressed that although these destroyers are described as "over-age" they will prove a most valuable addition to our naval forces. It is probable that they are of a tonnage of 1,200, fully equipped for depth-charge operations, and of a good turn of speed. Mr. Dawson's picture shows some of the external characteristics of the destroyers on their "exercises" in Canadian waters

EVEN the best of commanders and crews cannot do really successful submarine work without good ships, but the conditions under which they operate are so varied, and the restrictions imposed by these conditions are so great, that a submarine must be even more of a compromise than the other types of warship. It is probable that the ideal submarine will never be designed, if only because each commander works out his own technique of handling and attack, and demands special features for it.

In theory the plan of the general service submarine, which should be available for practically every purpose, is attractive, but it has never been really successful in any navy and the specialised design, intended for each different job, is far more satisfactory.

The Admiralty was blamed in many places after the late war for building a large type of patrol submarine exclusively for some years, it being pointed out that big ships are very expensive, the submarine costing more per ton than any type of warship except those converted into aircraft-carriers, and that it was a big waste, apart from other considerations, to build a big ship to do a small ship's work. It must be remembered, however, that when the first of these ships was laid down, the "O" class, the Navy still possessed about thirty small submarines left over from the late war and that it was a period of very rapid engineering development particularly concerned with weight and compactness, two very important factors in the smaller types.

For long-distance war-like operations, especially if there is no friendly base available for refuelling etc., size is demanded, for although small ships can make long voyages, for instance the trans-Atlantic passages of the British "H" class (500 tons submerged) and the German U-53 (902 tons submerged), they can have few offensive possibilities at the end of their voyage. Against this, the bigger ships are vulnerable both to enemy attack and accident, partly on account of offering a bigger target but largely on account of their unhandiness.

Handiness is a feature which appeals to every dashing commander. It is specially desirable in the North Sea, with its intricate channels between sandbanks, and it is significant that many of the German submarine aces in the last war did their utmost to avoid promotion into the bigger ships and submarine cruisers, conspicuously into the mercantile submarines of the Deutschland type which were converted into men-of-war and were brutes to handle.

Handiness is not only invaluable for manœuvring into position for attack, but it gives a far better chance of dodging attack by ram or depth-charge. The desire for extreme handiness and the mosquito tactics which demand large numbers have repeatedly led to ideas for "one-man submarines." When Holland, the famous American inventor, produced his first submarine design in 1875 it was only 16 ft. long and was just big enough for one man to sit amidships and drive the propeller with pedals. When Italy first came into the late war in 1915 her naval authorities and public had a tremendous enthusiasm for one-man submarines, and carried out long experiments. The boat carried a single torpedo of special short design and had most ingenious controls, but although the legendary radius of action was 100 miles submerged it was actually far less than that owing to the air constantly running short, and she proved quite useless for practical purposes.

There have been many reports that the Germans are building hordes of tiny submarines, but this again is more than doubtful. The 250-ton class have proved to be of very little use except for training and purely coastal work in areas like the Skaggerak, and Berlin certainly does not neglect its lessons.

Below a certain size a submarine is bound to be handicapped in submerged work; the batteries which supply current to the electric motors run into a tremendous weight, and if they are sufficient for the speed and endurance necessary for gaining a favourable position for attack they force up the displacement. Normally the submerged speed is very much lower than the surface, but during the late war Britain built the "R" class for hunting U-boats which were unique in having a speed of 15 knots under water and only 9½ on the surface. Their six 18-in. torpedo tubes in the bow were designed for salvo firing, but the experiment, although interesting, was not a great success. In addition to speed and endurance below water the commander demands handiness, and this can be seriously impaired by the resistance of a superstructure which is most desirable on the surface.

The modern torpedo man is like his brother in the gunnery department in that he relies very largely on salvo firing for success. There is seldom more than a few moments for aiming the torpedoes and for launching the attack when the position is right. Excessive liveliness may spoil this short opportunity while the tubes bunched in the bow demand big compensating tanks, valves and pumps, for if the weight of the torpedoes is not immediately replaced by water ballast there is more than a chance that the boat's bow will jump and she will break surface with very undesirable results.

Although the small boats are naturally sent on shorter cruises than the large ones, and give their men more frequent opportunities for a break in port, the twin problems of accommodation and health have to be seriously considered in all types, and the bigger the boat the greater the advantage on those points. There is more possibility of getting a little fresh air on deck while at sea and the ventilation, a particularly important point with oil fumes, is much more elaborate.

When a submarine is given an abnormally high speed in order to permit her to operate with the heavy squadrons and to take part in a fleet action, the demand for handiness has to give way to size. The "K" class, which were driven at a speed of 24 knots with turbine engines, had a submerged displacement of 2,650 tons and their modern counterparts of the River class, which manage over 22 knots in infinitely greater comfort with diesels, are over 2,700. These ships were built for a special purpose and their number is limited.

The ability to submerge very rapidly is a particularly desirable quality, more important than ever now that submarines are attacked so frequently by aircraft and motor torpedo boats, and this demands big ballast tanks and hydroplanes. The Shark class can "crash dive" in 30 secs. and some of them have wanted that ability badly during recent operations on the German and Norwegian coasts. Allied to this quality is the ability to dive deep, if possible out of reach of depth-charges.

IN THE "ALTMARK" TRADITION: THE SUBMARINE "TRUANT" HOLDS UP A GERMAN GAOL SHIP

H.M.S. *Truant* (Lieut.-Commander H. A. V. Haggard) was on patrol in the Atlantic off Cape Finisterre when a strange ship was sighted crawling along the Spanish coast. The submarine came to the surface, closed in to investigate and ordered the ship to stop. This mystery ship was the 5,800-ton Norwegian ship *Tropic Sea*, which had been captured by an enemy raider and was being sailed by a German prize crew. She had on board the captain and twenty-three of the crew of a British ship which had been sunk by the enemy, and her own Norwegian crew. When the *Truant* ordered the *Tropic Sea* to stop, the ship was immediately scuttled. The submarine saved the British and Norwegian prisoners; but left the German scuttlers and some of the Norwegians to be taken up later

THE "WRITING IN THE SKY," AS THOUSANDS OF LONDONERS HAVE WITNESSED IT DURING RECENT DAYTIME AERIAL COMBATS—

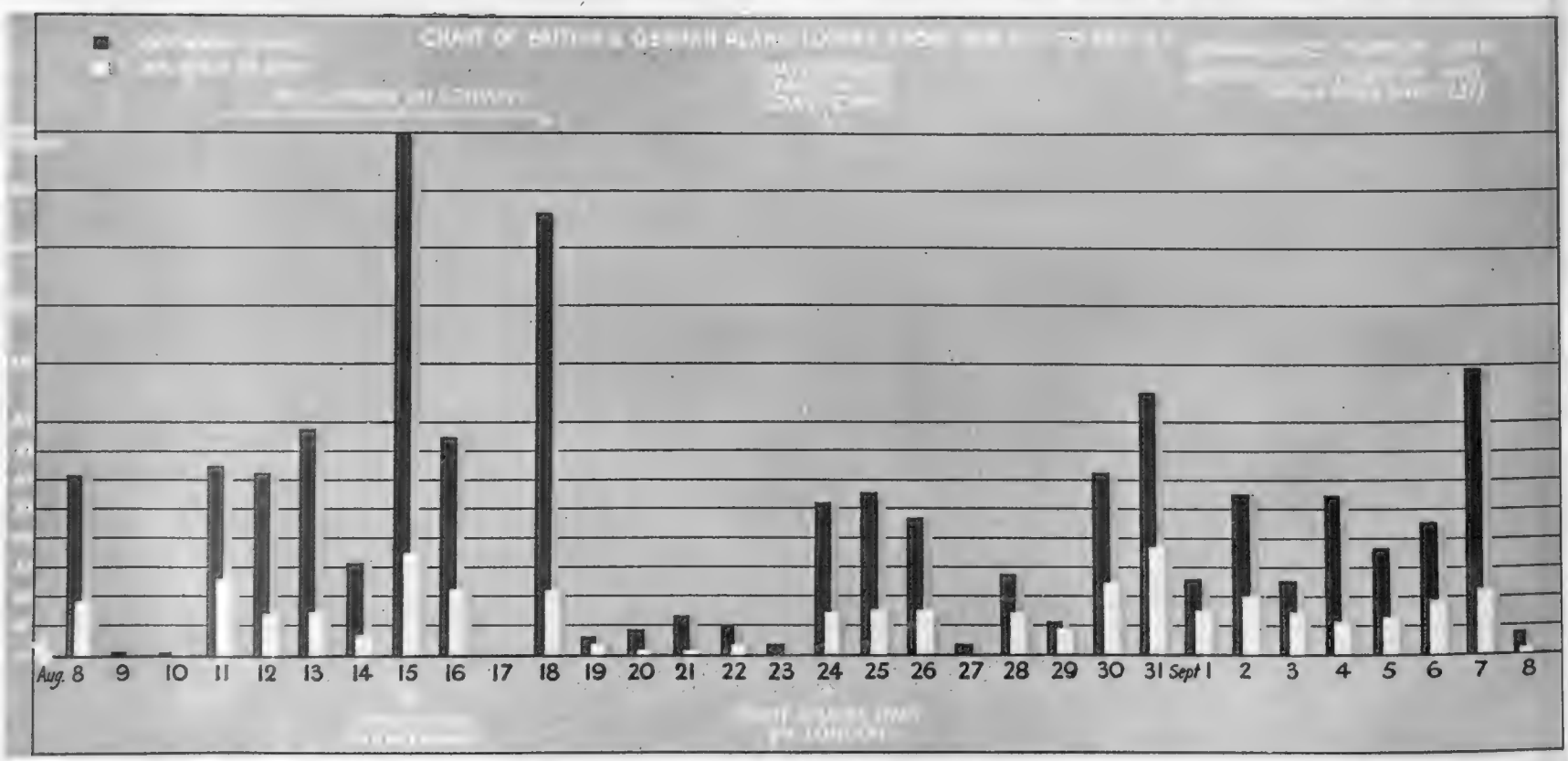
ASPECTS of the

The most remarkable aspect of the aerial fighting by day has been the "writing in the sky," which watchers on the ground have frequently observed. This "writing" is not caused by the pilot signalling to other aircraft, as has been often suggested; it arises from the great height and speed at which modern aircraft now fly. Assuming that atmospheric conditions are favourable, the humidity in the atmosphere suddenly becomes visible owing to the fall in temperature caused by the vacuum behind the wing-tips and the propeller blades as the plane hurtles along at over 300 m.p.h. through the air. This phenomenon occurs at, say, 25,000 to 35,000 ft. As this condensation occurs so the paths of the contending aircraft become visible, and the watcher on the ground is thus able to follow the twists and turns of the fighters. This interesting feature was first observed and discussed during World Record Flights in the year 1931, when aeroplane speeds began to move up to the fantastic figures of to-day

HOW THE FRENCH AIRMEN FLY TO GIBRALTAR

During the course of the past few weeks a steady stream of French pilots has been flowing from Vichy-controlled Morocco to Gibraltar. This map shows the route followed by the airmen over 150 miles of the desolate Riff country

—AND HOW THE "SKY WRITING" IS CAUSED—BY AEROPLANES FLYING VERY HIGH, WHOSE WING TIPS AND PROPELLER BLADES CAUSE CONDENSATION IN CERTAIN ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS



ONE MONTH OF AIR "BLITZKRIEG"—COMPARATIVE LOSSES OF GERMAN AND BRITISH AIRCRAFT FROM AUGUST 8 TO SEPTEMBER 8

This chart shows in graphic form how the air attacks on Britain have come in a succession of "waves." Air warfare over Britain on the grand scale began on August 8. Since that date the Germans have definitely lost no fewer than 1,539 aircraft—this figure being made up only of those enemy planes known to the Air Ministry to have been shot down; it does *not* include the losses of crippled aircraft which may never have reached their home bases safely. This represents a loss in personnel to the *Luftwaffe* of 3,580 trained airmen—taking the average per plane to be a crew of two and a half. Against this, the British losses amount to 410 fighter planes; but of this figure 231 British pilots—more than half—were saved. It is easy to see how these huge losses have been incurred by the Germans. Most noticeable was the mass attacks on the Channel convoys; during the battles over the Channel in one day alone 180 enemy aircraft were destroyed; on another nearly 160 were accounted for. When these attacks ceased the Germans began their mass attacks on South-East coast towns, and again lost heavily. On the 24th the night attacks on London began, accompanied by heavy offensives during the day. There has not been a day during this whole period that the enemy losses have not been far greater than our own

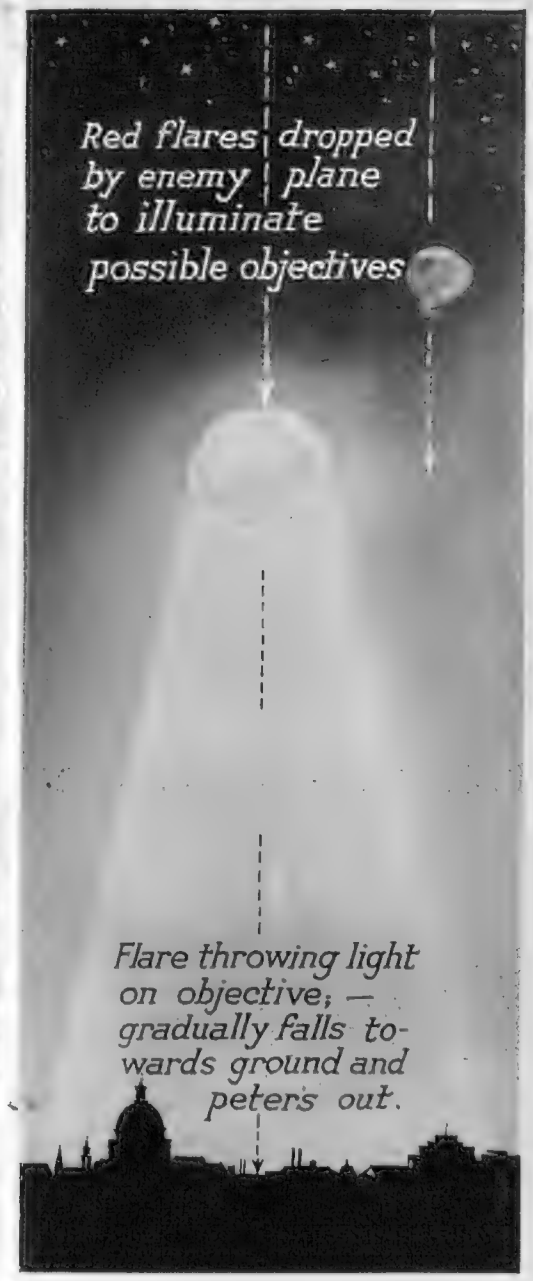
WAR in the AIR

ENEMY FLARES AT NIGHT OVER LONDON

TWO ENEMY FLARES DROPPED SIMULTANEOUSLY

Thousands of Londoners must have witnessed the dropping of these extraordinarily brilliant flares during the earlier raids on London—before the heavy barrage of the defensive guns rendered such outdoor observation impossible. The flares are usually of magnesium, when released they light up the whole sky and flicker and glow with the greatest intensity. They do not last long, however, but drift with the wind and peter out as they fall slowly earthwards. Naturally, these flares are of use to the pilot only when he is comparatively near the ground; from a height of very many thousands of feet it is doubtful whether the flare would be able to illumine the ground so far below

Below—**HOW THE PARACHUTE FLARES OPERATE**



HOW THE FIRST OF THE HEAVY RAIDS ON LONDON WERE CARRIED OUT BY HIGH-FLYING ENEMY BOMBERS

On Saturday and Sunday, September 7 and 8, the German machines came over at such a great height that very few could be caught within the limits of the searchlights. They were also favoured by a certain amount of cloud, which, of course, does not help the defenders. Unless using predictors (as they are now reported to be doing) it is difficult for the anti-aircraft guns to find a target unless it is caught in the searchlight beams; and the effectiveness of the latter was circumscribed by the conditions depicted above. On the Sunday night, too (the second of the very heavy attacks), there was the intense glow from one or two large fires which rendered the searchlight beams less effective

THE ENEMY AEROPLANES CRUISED ROUND AND ROUND LONDON IN A WIDE CIRCLE DURING THE TWO EARLY RAIDS

Competent observers declare that at first the enemy raiders, very high up, appeared to be flying round London in a wide circle—probably helped by cloud formations. Every so often it would sound as if one or more of these detached themselves from the main body—to dart in and drop their bombs on Central London, and then resume their cruising tactics. After the London barrage came into operation, however, it was noticeable that these tactics ceased: the raiders in their subsequent attacks appeared to come in very high, and when the heavy barrage opened fire they seemed to drop their bombs hurriedly and hurry back to safety outside the defended zone

On right—**THE ITALIAN AIR ATTACK ON TEL-AVIV**

Following the terror tactics of their allies, the Italians have just carried out an indiscriminate bombing attack on Tel-Aviv in Palestine. The country is now in mourning for 112 persons officially stated to be killed, and 151 injured. Of this figure of 112, seven were Arabs and the rest Jews—so that the Arabs know how sincere are the protestations of the "Protector of Islam," as Mussolini has dubbed himself. The attack on Tel-Aviv was made from the Italian air base in the Dodecanese Islands, 500 miles away across the Mediterranean

Making the MOST of BRITISH LABOUR

The Third (and concluding) Article of a Series Showing How Mr. Bevin and His Ministry Have Reorganised the Labour of Britain

By GORDON BECKLES

THE biggest bottle-neck in Britain's war effort is the problem of the trained worker. This was true in a parallel sense of Britain's peace-time fight against unemployment. If a man was a compositor, he remained a compositor; if his trade was iron-founding he stuck to iron-founding, whether in or out of employment. The trade unions had just as many Blimps in their ranks as had the clubs of St. James's Street.

Not for them were the lax methods of those foreign countries which tolerated alternative employment, where a man could lay bricks when bricks were to be laid and turn to lathe work when lathe-workers were in demand.

Could such a cast-iron and conservative system work in the tremendous upheavals, confusions and improvisations of war? No, it could not; Mr. Ernest Bevin, the trade unionist, may often look wryly askance at Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, but both are in agreement on this point.

Yet granted the "dilution" (which it took over three years in the last war to reach) the real problem is that the bricklayer may not know how to work a lathe.

The Government already had peace-time training centres, but these were only open to the unemployed. Yet it was an imposing framework on which to build a scheme which now intends to turn out 100,000 trained men a year. The general public may have been little aware of the work being done, or of the fact that there will shortly be 36,000 men training simultaneously.

If one includes the residential industrial centres and camps, and the specially organised schemes (e.g. a three-months peace-time course for silk weavers in a certain district) the Ministry of Labour in its tumbledown Whitehall buildings could look upon itself as an educational institution on a grandiose scale. Like the Exchanges, the peace-time scheme was all built around the unemployed worker.

The peace-time machine was truly formidable, and a masterpiece of decentralised government. At present the figures of the offices under the control of the various divisional controllers (all high Civil Servants from Whitehall) are these: 453 employment exchanges, 305 employment offices, 463 branch employment offices and 403 local agencies.

War brought the great change-over. Any man from the age of eighteen who is not wanted by the Services can now register and be trained for war-work, which in nearly all cases is engineering. He can be taught draughtsmanship, instrument making, machine operating, fitting, panel beating, sheet metal working, oxy-acetylene welding, gas fitting, body-building and several similar affiliated trades.

How is he to live while schooling himself for a better wage than he was getting when he decided to register?

The Ministry of Labour is an amiable and philanthropic educator. She takes no fees, but instead pays her pupils while they learn. A married man receives £1 5s. for himself (of which 19s. is assumed to be for his lodgings away from home), his wife gets £1 7s., with 4s. for the first two of his children and 3s. for subsequent progeny. This works out that a married man with two children gets £3 during his training period. It is not a fortune, he has little enough for cigarettes or a pint of beer, but it is something to go along with until he becomes a proficient craftsman.

To cap it all, each man gets his mid-day meal free, and his rail fare is paid to and from the centre at which he is to be trained. If you want a picture of a big training centre, perhaps you remember something of the publicity given to the Army vocational centres, at which peace-time soldiers were prepared for a return to civilian life. These centres were absorbed by the Ministry of Labour. The names of Chisledon, Hounslow, Glenbranter, Park Royal, Harrowby Hall, Carshalton are familiar to tens of thousands of the nation's skilled workers. Now, with his dictatorial powers, Bevin can rope in all the technical colleges in the country for higher-grade workers. There is, indeed, little that Bevin cannot do now if he so chooses; with Herbert Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook he is one of the three most powerful men in the Empire, after the occupant of No. 10, Downing Street. Bevin may have lived for years in an atmosphere of what he considered necessary strikes, but he tolerates none now. Nor, to be quite fair to the workers and employers of Britain, have there been many occasions since war was declared when time has been lost owing to trade disputes.

Yet what a vision of a future Britain can be conjured up when one contemplates the hastily improvised structure which the Ministry of Labour has built on the drab foundations of its peace-time services!

If Britain had no settled plan (had Britain then a settled plan for anything?) in dealing with the unemployed, it was not the fault of the Ministry of Labour. Its permanent officials have ideas of their own far outreaching anything even yet attempted. No man of intelligence can sit, even at a Whitehall desk, for year after year and see the "muddle-through politicians" groping their way towards no one knew what (least of all themselves) without having plans of his own. The unpretentious offices grouped about Montagu House teem with schemes for the future, schemes still-born but still not beyond resuscitation.

Not for the first time in Whitehall history has a Minister discovered that the abused Civil Servant has thought most of it out before he arrived, and only awaits the word "Go!"

The Ministry of Labour is in a sense a microcosm—or perhaps, since it is now so swollen, a cross-section—of the whole of Whitehall's direct services to the nation. It touches other Ministries at several points: the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Pensions, the Home Office and the Office of Works. All these, in varying degree, have as their excuse for existence the welfare of the worker. Yet each is, in a sense, still a rival.

Bevin came in just over four months ago and promptly appropriated the Home Office factory inspection departments (with the exception of the explosives inspectorate; perhaps that was a compromise?) and who can doubt that he would like to incorporate in his own Ministry some of the functions of, say, the strangely named Ministry of Health.

Yet no one can accuse Bevin of wearing the jack-boot or of imitating either Dr. Ley or one of the Moscow bosses. He is a shrewd man, an Englishman who knows his fellow countrymen. In his first address to the nation's industrialists (which started with the significant words "owing to the situation in this country following the collapse of France . . .") he passed the buck by saying, "This is a matter which must be dealt with by firms in accordance with their particular circumstances, and not by general order." That phrase he has made his slogan. He wants no extra legislation, no codes of regulations, no cast-iron ordinances.

The last war spawned several new Ministries and Government services. This one will certainly see the Ministry of Labour stronger than its sponsors can ever have dreamed of in 1909.

Mr. Winston Churchill was then President of the Board of Trade. Since then many must have thought Mr. Churchill a reactionary — even a clean-shaven Blimp. It might be well to recall that the first official words commending the new exchanges as part and parcel of an unemployment benefit scheme were spoken by Mr. Churchill: "The two systems are complementary" he said in 1909. "They are man and wife; they mutually support and sustain each other."

He foresaw in 1909 a unity then still far ahead. Who may foretell now with greater clarity?

THE MEN WHO ARE STRAIGHTENING OUT DIFFERENCES BETWEEN EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED: This picture was taken at the first meeting, in August, of the Ministry of Labour's "National Arbitration Tribunal." This is the body set up to ensure the smooth working of relations between Master and Man. From left to right, above, are: Mr. J. W. Bower (Workers' representative), Sir John Forster, the Hon. Sir Gavin T. Simonds (chairman), Sir Hector Hetherington, M.A., J.P., and Mr. Herbert E. Parkes (Employers' representative). Standing at the back is Mr. F. Popplewell, O.B.E. (Secretary of the Tribunal)

THE KING AND THE MINISTER OF LABOUR AT A MINISTRY TRAINING CENTRE: For men who have been out of work and who wish to start in a new trade, the Ministry has now opened training centres to increase the supply of war workers. The method by which this is being achieved is described in Mr. Beckles' article. Here the King and Mr. Bevin are seen examining fuse and shell gauges on which the trainees have been working

The BOMBING of LONDON

The Great Nazi Onslaught by Night Raiders, and the Tragic Results of the Indiscriminate Attacks

In the following pages we give a more or less complete impression of the results of the first five nights of indiscriminate bombing by the German night raiders. The pictures we reproduce are in no wise intended as studies in horror; but it is essential that the rest of Britain—indeed the world—should know in what reckless fashion the German High Command are now waging war against the civilians of the capital—men, women and children—and against targets which are in no way "military objectives"

THE DOCKLAND FIRES: The River Fire Services coping with blazing fires in warehouses. These were first attacked by Dornier 215 bombers, each with a crew of four or five, and each with an escort of half a dozen fighters

BEATING OUT THE WAREHOUSE BLAZES: The early attacks were carried out from a height of 12,000 ft., so that precision bombing was not possible

IN A SOUTH LONDON AREA: The remains of a Woolworth Store which was completely gutted by fire during one of the first attacks. The stock lies in charred heaps and the building itself has completely disappeared

MORE BURNING WAREHOUSES, THIS TIME IN THE CITY AREA: Repeated bombing attacks whilst firemen were actually at work rendered their already difficult task the more hazardous

FIGHTING THE FIRE IN THE CITY: At the first onslaught of the bombers the biggest menace was fire. That the many conflagrations were so quickly extinguished was a wonderful tribute to London's splendid fire-fighters

FIRES FROM GAS MAINS IN LONDON STREETS: With a concentration of hoses to prevent the flames spreading to neighbouring buildings

THE LONDON FIRES

Now that the perils of the first days have subsided it is realised that the firing of huge areas of London was the primary intention of the bombers — so as to cause confusion, dismay and terror: also, so that subsequent waves of night raiders could distinguish their targets

A BOMB FELL AT THE STREET CORNER: Consequently traffic had to be diverted whilst gas, water and electricity mains were quickly repaired, and the debris from bombed houses expeditiously removed by the demolition squads

POURING WATER INTO A BOMB CRATER: Right in the centre of the road, this huge crater effectively blocked the whole street—only one of many which helped to accentuate the traffic problems in the first days of the raids

A ROAD COLLAPSE BLOCKED HALF OF THIS WIDE STREET: Gas pipes were fractured, and the whole road surface for a considerable distance was disrupted. Repairs were, however, soon put in hand and quickly carried out

A CRATER BETWEEN THE TRAM LINES: The latter served to lessen the severity of the blow and, by holding firm, they minimised the damage. Buildings in the vicinity were, however, very badly damaged by the explosion

MINOR DAMAGE, OBVIOUSLY CAUSED BY A SMALL-CALIBRE BOMB AND EASY TO REPAIR, IN A MAIN ROAD

IN A SUBURBAN STREET WHERE A BOMB FELL—BUT WITHOUT BREAKING THE WINDOWS IN NEARBY HOUSES

STREET DAMAGE

One of the Chief Causes of the Traffic Blocks in Central London

The initial traffic blocks in London during the first days of the Nazi onslaught were the result of causes such as those shown here. So widespread were the attacks and so many bombs were loosed haphazard, that many roads were rendered temporarily impassable. Consequently traffic had to be diverted to other routes. The cumulative effect was delays at various points. But the work of the repair squads was so effective that these delays were very quickly overcome; and soon traffic was flowing swiftly and normally

A HEAVY LONDON TRAM BLOWN CLEAN OFF ITS BOGIE: The tram is on the right, its heavy bogie many yards away on the left. Fortunately all the passengers had taken shelter and there were no casualties

CAUGHT BY MASSES OF FALLEN MASONRY: This London bus had been parked at the side of the road, in accordance with instructions; driver, conductor and passengers were all in a shelter when the building behind the bus collapsed on to its top deck

IN THE CITY OF LONDON: A scene at a point which is hemmed in by tall buildings and which suffered severely from fire. Firemen were actually at work quelling the flames when this picture was taken

STILL UPRIGHT, BUT A TANGLED MASS OF WRECKAGE: Another London bus wrecked by what was virtually a direct hit. Its upright position is a tribute to the solidity of construction

THE REMAINS OF A PRIVATE CAR AFTER A BOMB HAD HIT THE GARAGE IN SOUTH-WEST LONDON WHERE IT WAS HOUSED

ROAD VEHICLES DESTROYED

Wherever practicable, traffic at night was maintained throughout London even during some of the raids. Buses and trams continued to run, until the sound of firing indicated that the raiders were actually overhead. It is not surprising, therefore, to witness such sights as the above. Although some people were caught in public conveyances and private cars, the wonder is that there were not more casualties during the first five nights. This was because of the great number of air-raid shelters constructed by the authorities for just such a purpose at all vital points throughout the London area

THE BOMBING OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The King and Queen have shared many of the trials of their people during the past few months; by the bombing of the Palace they have become victims—like many of their subjects—of the Nazi campaign of Terror. On Tuesday, September 10, a time-bomb exploded with terrific force at 1.30 a.m. The bomb, believed to be a 250-pounder, fell near the Belgian Suite and buried itself 10 ft. deep, forcing up some of the stone slabs of the terrace. The King and Queen were not in residence, but there was a large staff—none of whom was injured, however. Masonry, weighing many tons, was sent flying into the air, and some of it was hurled over the roof and into the Quadrangle. Doors and windows in the Private Apartments were blown out and much other damage was done. Here Their Majesties are seen inspecting the wreckage

SALVAGE WORK AMIDST THE RUINS: Although the house has been wrecked beyond repair, the former inhabitants are loath to leave it. They have returned to salvage what they can. Note the kettle still firmly seated on the gas stove

BUSINESS GOES ON EVERYWHERE AS USUAL: This shoe-repair establishment is was windowless. Nevertheless, the morning after the raid, work went on as u concerned. This is the authentic spirit o

THE PEOPLE CARRY ON

THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE PRIME MINISTER ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION: Note the masses of dislodged masonry, the battered walls and parapets, and collapsed roof

OUTSIDE A WRECKED HOME: One of the working-class homes which suffered damage and became untenable, with its furniture piled up outside after salvage

INSPECTING THE DAMAGE—THE QUEEN PICKS HER WAY THROUGH DEBRIS WHILST RESCUE WORKERS TRY TO ASCERTAIN THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE AT THE PALACE

THE CHILDREN DON'T SEEM TO WORRY! Playing in the street, with furniture from the damaged houses stacked on the pavements, while the repair squads "tidy up" some of the shattered walls and try to produce order out of chaos

n one of the bombed areas; it was battered badly and ual to the evident satisfaction—and amusement—of all bombed London!

LONDON IS CARRYING ON WITH A FINE SPIRIT: Businesses which looked as though they were bombed out of existence are still being run. Take the barber in this picture: his shop and livelihood had a close shave, but though the shop has no windows and is otherwise damaged, the order of the day was "business as usual"

A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN CENTRAL LONDON: Neither hospitals nor children were spared in the indiscriminate bombing. Despite the terrible damage at this particular hospital, however, there were no casualties to children or staff—owing to wise foresight

A WARD OF A MATERNITY HOSPITAL AFTER THE BOMBING: Hospitals in the London area suffered severely during the first heavy attacks, and the damage sustained by these institutions was very considerable. Nor was it confined to one area alone

A CINEMA IN WEST LONDON: The whole of the side wall has collapsed: other bombs nearby caused equally severe damage to houses and business buildings in the vicinity

THE BOMBING OF THE CHURCHES: Only the tower is left standing, and that is severely cracked. Many such edifices have suffered severely

A WESLEYAN CHAPEL, almost completely destroyed. The end wall and the organ pipes are the only portions remaining intact

HOSPITALS, CHURCHES, and CINEMAS

The most appalling feature of the bombing attacks has been the destruction of hospitals within the London area. Children's hospitals, maternity homes and lying-in wards, and General Hospitals have all been smashed by the rain of heavy bombs. When a famous children's hospital in Central London was hit, it was only owing to wise forethought that there was not a general holocaust. Churches, too, have suffered sadly; and cinemas, museums and other public institutions

THE MORNING AFTER THE BOMBS HAD FALLEN: The matron showing her nurses a piece of a bomb found in the wreckage

A MOTHER AND HER NEWLY-BORN CHILD BEING REMOVED FROM LONDON: The story of the devotion of the nurses of London during the raids would in itself make one whole gallant chapter

INNOCENT SUFFERERS OF THE NON-STOP BOMBING: Helpless little mites, in pain and suffering, being transferred from a London hospital to a place of greater safety outside the danger area. Of all the victims of Nazi aggression, these are surely the most pitiable!

NURSES AND ONE OF THEIR YOUNG PATIENTS, who escaped when two large-calibre bombs hit a children's hospital in Central London. A nurse is holding portions of one of the huge missiles

THE NURSES OF LONDON

Never have the London nurses displayed a greater heroism than during the raids. Hospital after hospital was hit, yet the nurses had only thought for their sick and injured patients. Many of these have now been evacuated to places of safety elsewhere. So severe has been the damage amongst hospitals generally throughout the London area that it may be weeks before many of them will be able to function fully again

NURSES SEARCH AMIDST THE DEBRIS FOR MEDICAL EQUIPMENT AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS SCATTERED BY THE BOMBS

THE DEMOLITION SQUAD GETS TO WORK: Tackling a building, portions of which have been rendered unsafe and must be removed to prevent further damage. In this case the building is a church, of which numbers in London suffered severely

CHECKING THE LEAKAGE OF GAS: Workers are busy at the bomb crater in the road; others are attending to the street lamp and cutting off the gas supply; whilst members of the Demolition Squad, roped together, are seen at work on the house in the left background

CLEARING AWAY AN UPPER STORY: The residents of this house were safe in their own shelter below, when the upper part was virtually destroyed. The Demolition Squad are coping with the damaged portions, so that they shall not prove a menace to passers-by

THE SALVAGE PARTY GETS BUSY: Bringing out furniture from one of the scores of wrecked houses in a London suburb

PRISING AWAY AT LOOSE FOUNDATIONS: Demolition workers at a maternity hospital clearing away debris and pulling down foundations rendered unsafe by the bombs

THE CIVIL DEFENCE WORKERS

The Civilian Heroes of the Mass Raids on London

It is only now that we have suffered so much damage—and all at the same moment—that the wisdom of the A.R.P. preparations in London has become evident. After months of inaction, all classes of Civil Defence Workers have been called upon to cope with tasks which would have been impossible had the organisation been less efficient. The months of weary waiting have enabled all the services so to be improved that every contingency had been provided for. Of the gallantry, amounting to heroism, of every one of the organised workers, enough has been said—and it is all true! A country so well served by its amateur and professional workers *cannot* go under!

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

THE "BLITZKRIEG" AND MAN-POWER

THESE LONG NIGHT RAIDS MAY RESULT IN A SERIOUS LOSS OF LABOUR HOURS UNLESS SOME NEW SCHEME IS EVOLVED; NEW TACTICS TO COMBAT NIGHT BOMBERS

BY the time these notes appear we shall probably have seen and felt the worst of the *blitzkrieg*. Whatever happens, I cannot believe that Germany's air strength is going to increase any faster than ours, for I know that our own output is going up in spite of continual attempts to attack our aircraft factories, and we have good reason to believe that our attacks in Germany are hampering their production seriously.

People who are not inside aviation ask me whether the Germans are suffering more from our bombing than we are from theirs. I do not know. Yet, judging by the way our people concentrate on definite objectives, compared with the way in which the Germans seem to sprinkle bombs haphazard in this country, I fancy that we are doing a lot more useful damage there than they are doing here.

When I ask my friends, young and old, in the R.A.F. what they think about it, they likewise say that they do not know, but that they are doing their damnedest.

As is usual in every war, each side accuses the other of atrocities. Each side is sometimes wrong and each side is to a certain extent right. Putting a man into uniform does not necessarily make him a Galahad or a saint. The fact that all countries maintain a police force and a number of prisons proves that their populations range by minute degrees all the way from saints to criminals. Consequently, in this war as in the last, one hears quite contradictory stories about the behaviour of the men of all the nations concerned.

There is a story which ought to be better known, and if I am stealing somebody's copyright I apologise. After one of the recent *blitzes* on the South Coast, fifty German fighter pilots went to Heaven and claimed right of entry, because, whatever might be the rights and wrongs of the war, they had died in the service of their country. St. Peter admitted the argument and told them to wait while he looked up some records. When he came back he said that he was sorry, but the German Headquarters communiqué of that day said that only three German fighters had been lost, so forty-seven of them would have to go somewhere else.

There may be more in that parable than one thinks.

Up to the time when these notes were written, which was, necessarily, last week, no part of England had endured the kind of mass bombing which was visualised by people on the inside of aviation before the war. Even those raids by waves of bombers across the Channel on the South Coast, escorted by accompanying waves of fighters, were not the kind of thing many of us had imagined. Possibly the Germans had tried out mass bombing on manœuvres, and had come to the conclusion that it was not effective because closely packed masses of bombers would be too easily hit by anti-aircraft guns and too easily attacked by masses of fighters.

Nevertheless, the German method has done damage, and there is no use or sense in denying it. The damage has not been so much material, in blowing up munition works or in destroying stores in the London Docks, as in the loss of man-hours and woman-hours. The man-hour is the only true source of national or personal wealth or power.

If people are kept awake by bombs or anti-aircraft guns, or if they spend an uncomfortable night sleeping in fits and starts in private or public shelters, they are not going to do a good day's work next day.

That is elementary common sense, and by the time a copy of this paper gets to Germany, there will be no need to keep it secret, because either things will be much better or they will be worse.

Because man-power is the essence of any effort in war or peace, one of our most urgent problems is to find a way of stopping the damage by catching these night-flying bombers which cruise all over the country. Anybody who can discover or invent a way of doing it will have done a lot towards winning the war.

In the last war the London Air Defence Area, under General Ashmore, had a comparatively simple method which was reasonably effective. They had a balloon barrage, or rather the Germans thought we had, because we talked such a lot about it as a deadly secret, knowing that spies would rush the information to Germany. The barrage consisted of an apron made of four or five balloons, each half a mile or so from the next, connected by a cable, and from the cable hung piano wires with plumb bobs on the end.

The legend was that these great aprons to the North and South of the Thames were moved about day by day, so that raiders would never know where they were. In fact, they worked from fixed bases, one about Epping and the other about Shooter's Hill. I believe that one German bomber did fly into one of them, lost a wing tip, and made a forced landing.

But the moral effect was good, because they kept the German bombers above 8,000 ft. Thus the ring of guns all round London never had to fuse their shells for anything below 8,000 ft., and their own upper limit was about 14,000 ft. Their work was putting up a barrage of shells rather than shooting at enemy aeroplanes or airships.

Sound locators were not so good then as they are now, neither were searchlights or guns. If an enemy aeroplane or airship were heard in a certain direction, the searchlights searched for it thereabouts and the guns put up a barrage. Then above the guns we had the highly effective night-flying fighters. Their speed was less than half of that of our modern fighters, but when they were up above they were quite fast enough to dive on the German bombers, and naturally they were much faster than the airships.

The fact that so many airships were caught by the searchlights and shot down by our fighters was proof of the effectiveness of our night-flying machines. Towards the end of the war the night-flying squadrons became very clever indeed, so much so that there were no raids on London after March, 1918.

To-day the problem is more difficult. There are many more German aeroplanes and they are much more dangerous. Yet there never has been a method of attack in war which has not been met and defeated by some form of counter-attack. The old problem of shell-proof armour and the armour-piercing shell, which the Navies of the world have been trying to solve for a generation or so, repeats itself with each new form of war.

We put tanks into action on the Somme in September, 1916 (a year after they ought to have been produced if there had been no official intrigue and rivalry and roguery in the early stages of their development) and the Germans then produced anti-tank guns. To-day tanks are faster and bigger and better armoured and anti-tank guns are more effective, so we are very much where we were in about September or October, 1916, so far as tanks are concerned. Yet tanks are so much faster and so much more reliable, as the Germans showed the French a few months ago, that in spite of anti-tank guns the tanks came out on top for the time being, and no doubt in due course both sides will find something to defeat the tanks—slow-flying aeroplanes for example.

The position in the air is something like that. In daylight the fighters have the whip hand of the bombers. At night, the fighters cannot find the bombers so easily, even with the help of searchlights, and the fighters cannot manœuvre in quantities for fear of colliding with one another and doing more damage by falling in flames among houses than would be done by the bombs of the bombers. Therefore, if we are going to depend on some form of night-fighting aeroplane to keep the bombers from diminishing our man-power and man-hours there is room for something new in tactics or apparatus.

Some years ago, that inventive genius, Mr. Sidney G. Brown, for fun invented for me on paper an ingenious aerial destroyer. It was a small very fast monoplane with a steel airscrew, without a pilot, and controlled by selenium cells instead of human eyes. The notion was that one aimed it at an enemy aeroplane from the ground, and let it go. Controlled by its selenium eyes, it followed its victim until it caught it up and then hewed it asunder with the steel airscrew. My ultra-scientific friends tell me that it is not such a fool idea as it sounds. So, being nothing of a scientist myself, I can imagine a similar aeroplane controlled by some sort of hearing apparatus, like the direction-finding machine used by our listening posts.

A lot of people have also thought of methods of using flying searchlights to find the enemy above the clouds. There are obvious difficulties, as anybody knows who has stood directly behind a searchlight and tried to see anything in the beam. Yet when one considers that car headlights of illegally high power will show objects clearly at half a mile, which is a fairly safe out-of-the-way distance from a machine-gun, the difficulty may not be so great as it seems.

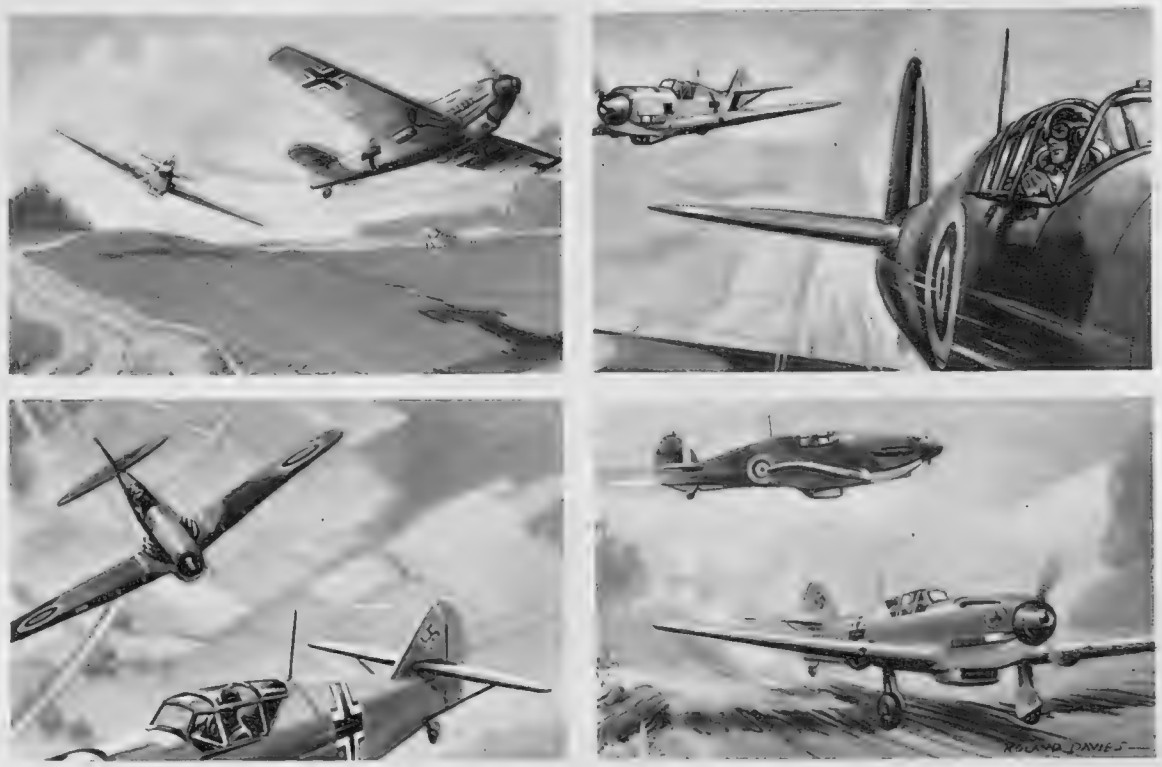
Yet after all the true answer may merely be stopping the other fellow's bombers from starting. The R.A.F. is doing its best, but I cannot believe that aeroplanes which were designed seven or eight years ago, and have been in use for two or three or four years, do represent the last word in either type or design. I have in mind two brilliant innovations in bomber types and tactics which were at first backed enthusiastically by certain members of the Air Ministry and of the Royal Air Force, and were ultimately turned down. "We see no objection to the publication of these patents."

If those designs had been given a fair trial, we should have had one of them flying experimentally before war was declared. If they had both been pushed along, we should have had quantities of them in the sky by now. Our bombing of the German sources of supply would then have been many times more damaging than it is to-day. That I believe is the best answer to any *blitzkrieg*.

Incidentally, we were told that during the week ending September 7 bombing of aerodromes in Northern France had been intensified. The assumption was that we were bombing the aerodromes in France, Belgium, and Holland, from which the *blitzkrieg* was to be launched. Official communiqués have since then made no mention of bombing aerodromes as far back as Paris, Orleans, or Tours, at which, I feel sure, the really big concentrations of German aircraft would be assembled.

I doubt much whether big assemblies of bombers would be sent to the French coastal aerodromes. They are too easy for us to bomb. Yet I can imagine the Germans sending what look like a lot of aeroplanes there as bait, to tempt us to waste our bombs on them. The *blitz* does not seem to have been seriously affected. I can only hope that our bombing in Germany is more effective.

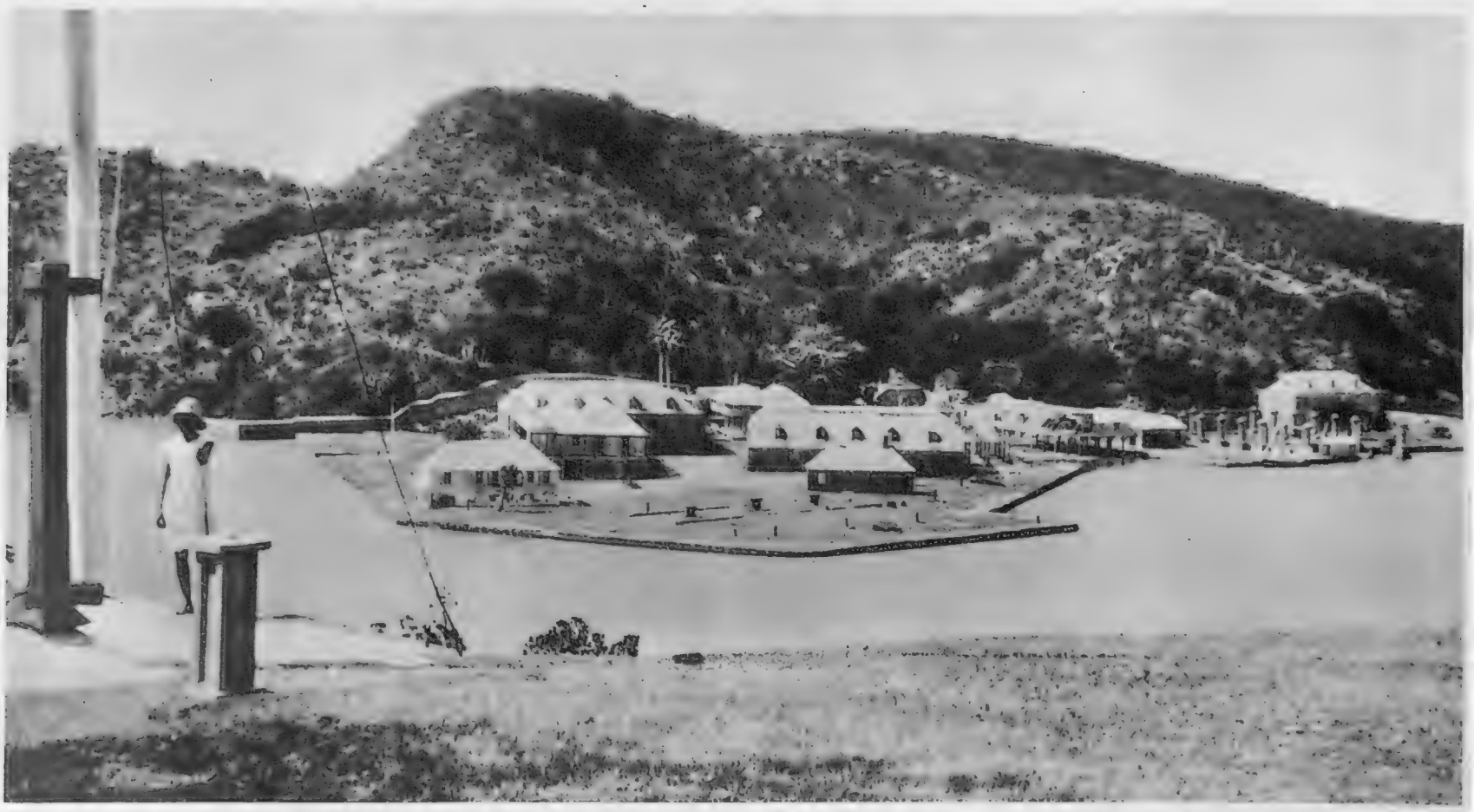
Since the above article was written by Mr. Grey the Air Ministry have announced the biggest victory of the R.A.F. since the opening of the *blitzkrieg*. On Sunday last, out of an invading force of 350, our fighters shot down, in the one day, a total of 185 German aeroplanes. Of these no fewer than 131 were bombers. The loss in personnel is even more striking; but only 25 of our fighting planes were lost, and only 13 pilots, against over 400 Germans. It is interesting in this connection to note that the R.A.F. actually shot down six more aircraft than the Germans claimed to have sent! In their official news agency report they declared that only "179 German aircraft took part in the raid!"



Drawing by Roland Davies

A BLOODLESS VICTORY: One or two of our pilots have practised a very clever piece of deception against Nazi fighters. In the case here illustrated, a Hurricane pilot, after he had run out of ammunition, did not give this fact away, but succeeded in forcing down his opponent by his threatening tactics. The incident took place over Kent. The Messerschmitt was flying very low when the British pilot jockeyed into position and pointing down with his finger indicated that the Nazi must land. This the latter did. "I flung him a packet of cigarettes," said the pilot later, "and I circled round until I was satisfied that he was in charge of the Home Guard"

WEST INDIAN BASES for the U.S.A.; and the FRENCH



ANTIGUA, RICH IN BRITISH NAVAL MEMORIES, PROVIDES ONE OF THE BASES FOR THE U.S.A.

By the lease which gives naval and air defence facilities to the U.S.A., part of the West Indian island of Antigua will in due course witness the construction of such works as may be necessitated by the policy of defence which has been occupying the attention of the United States Government for some time. The inclusion of Antigua is of particular interest to students of naval matters, for it is at English Harbour, Antigua, that one can still see an old repair dockyard of the Nelson, Rodney and Hood period, 1750–70

A MUSEUM PIECE OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE: AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA

The position of the late eighteenth-century dockyard buildings in English Harbour is isolated, the nearest buildings being the remains of the old fortifications on the surrounding hills. A visit, therefore, which no lover of English naval history forgoes if he is in the West Indies, always has about it the element of surprise—to find oneself transported suddenly from the tropic features of a West Indian island to this Nelsonic scene lying silently bathed in the brilliant sunshine of the Caribbean. There are open pillared yards, as well as big storehouses with dormered roofs. The great naval commanders strolled on these quaysides while their ships were refitting

ST. LUCIA, CAPTURED BY RODNEY IN 1762, IS

The area to be leased will be selected from the west coast in the 1760's. Rodney took it when commanding the Leeward

ANOTHER BASE "WITHIN 50 MILES OF GEORGETOWN"

A naval and air base is also to be leased to America on British is to be selected in an area within 50 miles of Georgetown, largely depends on small local steamers for immediate com only one short railway line within the territory. The position southern end of the curving new defence line which the when the bases are all finally

PACIFIC ISLANDS which HAVE JOINED FREE FRANCE

TAHITI AND ITS ASSOCIATED ISLANDS—A PACIFIC OCEAN GROUP COMES OVER TO FREE FRANCE

It is very gratifying to be able to record the transference of some of the smaller parts of the French colonial empire to the Free France under the leadership of General de Gaulle. The above view of the harbour of Papeete shows Minuute, a typical coral atoll which has been used as a quarantine station. The schooner in the middle distance is typical of hundreds which ply in the local coral island waters. This island formed part of a French protectorate founded in 1842

PROVIDING A NAVAL AND AIR BASE FOR THE U.S.A.

of the island. St. Lucia figured in the naval fighting with France | and arrowroot are exported. Behind the church volcanic
island station. Its principal harbour and port is Castries | peaks can be seen rising steeply into lowering clouds

THE CAPITAL OF TAHITI SEEN FROM THE HARBOUR

The white-painted schooners tie up against the quaysides of the town. Copra, mother of pearl, coconut oil, vanilla

IS TO BE LEASED

Guianan territory. It the capital. This munications. There is of this base forms the U.S.A. will possess completed

The British official statement regarding the West Indian bases says that His Majesty's Government will make available to the United States for immediate establishment and use of Naval and Air bases and facilities for entrance thereto and operation and protection thereof, on the Eastern side of the Bahamas, the Southern Coast of Jamaica, the Western coast of St. Lucia, the West Coast of Trinidad, in the Gulf of Paria, in the Island of Antigua, and in British Guiana within 50 miles of Georgetown, in exchange for Naval and Military equipment and material which the United States will transfer to His Majesty's Government. All of the bases and facilities referred to in the preceding paragraphs will be leased to the United States for a period of 99 years, free from all rent and charges other than such compensation to be mutually agreed on to be paid by the United States in order to compensate the owners of private property for the loss by expropriation or damage arising out of the establishment of the bases

A later message from Washington says that "new air and naval bases which the United States has obtained from Britain, and any bases where leased hereafter, will be for joint use of the United States and all Latin American countries." Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, declared recently that the leases were arranged not only for the protection of the United States, but also for the defence of the whole hemisphere, hence "the resulting facilities of these bases will, of course, be made available alike to all the Republics on the fullest co-operative basis"

A PACIFIC ISLAND LEASED TO U.S.A. FOR FIFTY YEARS—CANTON ISLAND:

In the latter part of last month, it was officially confirmed that Canton and Enderby Islands in the Southern Pacific had been leased to the U.S.A. for a period of fifty years, with a clause admitting of indefinite extension. Canton Island (which is also known as Mary Island) is in the Phœnix Group, and is a large low atoll. It is reported to be rich in guano. Beyond the tents of a recent expedition are to be seen a typical Pacific Ocean reef, with ships coming right up to it in deep water

IN RAMSGATE TO-DAY

Life in Britain's Most Heavily Bombed Town

LIFE goes on in Ramsgate—Britain's worst bombed but in some ways safest town. With over 500 H.E. bombs dropped during one raid alone, the people of Ramsgate are determined to see it through to the end, despite that Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker, the distinguished American journalist who recently visited the town, has stated that no fewer than 1,222 houses had been wrecked at the time of his visit. They are confident of their shelters—the 3½-mile long tunnels 60 ft. down in the chalk built before the war by the foresight of the Mayor, Mr. A. B. C. Kempe, and the Borough Engineer, Mr. R. D. Brimmell.

During the brief intervals between the "all clear" and the alarm Ramsgate emerges from its shelter and carries on. Shops open, shoppers hurriedly shop—there's no time for finnicky choosing now; postal deliveries are made; trams and buses run; builders valiantly tackle the immense task that lies before them; A.R.P. rescue squads and demolition parties carry on even during the raid.

Ramsgate, known to countless thousands of holiday-makers, who at this time of year should by rights be bathing from its beaches, eating whelks from its stalls, and enjoying all its well-advertised amenities, is bare of any military objective; yet for some reason unknown it has been the unfortunate recipient of the venom and spite of Göring's airmen. So bitter

THE MAN TO WHOM RAMSGATE OWES SO MUCH: The Mayor, Mr. A. B. C. Kempe, who was responsible for the construction of Ramsgate's wonderful shelters before the war at a cost of £60,000

ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE NOW FAMOUS TUNNELS AT RAMSGATE: There are 3½ miles of tunnels, 60 ft. deep, capable of holding 60,000 people. Twenty-four entrances, with underground connecting tunnels, permit everybody to be in the main shelter within five minutes of the alarm

THE SCENE IN THE TUNNEL SHELTERS DURING AN AIR RAID: Men, women and children eat and sleep here in complete safety, 60 ft. below the ground

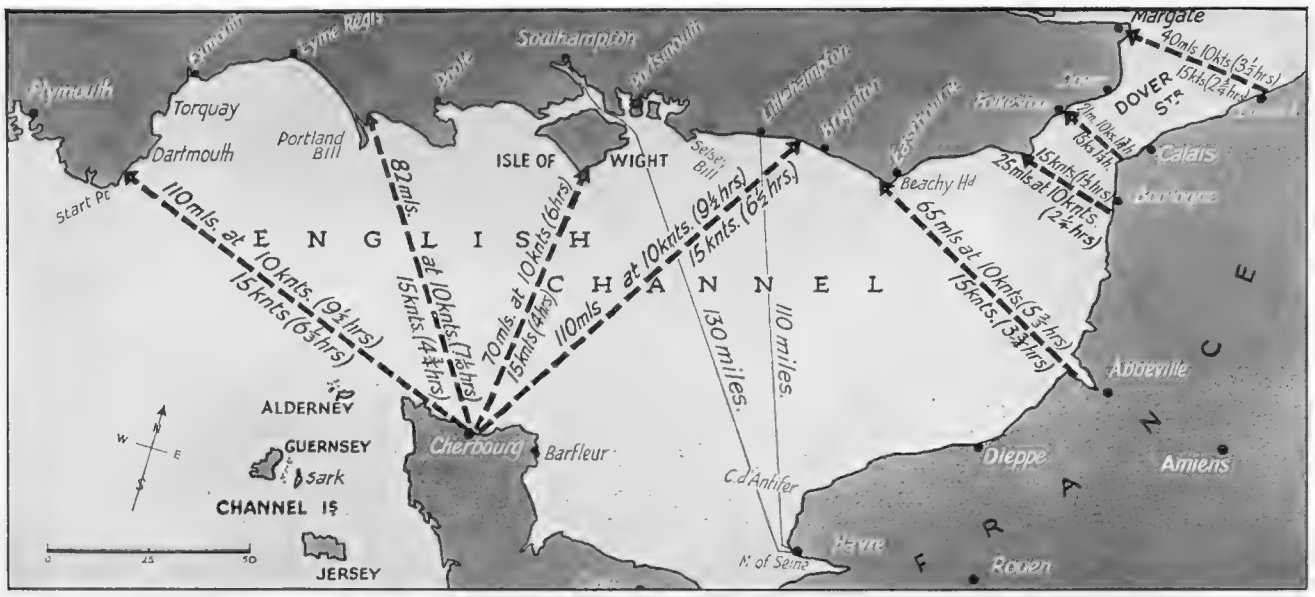
On left—**AFTER THE RAID:** The people of Ramsgate leave their wonderful shelters for their everyday round of business

CONFIDENT AND SAFE IN THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL, these Ramsgate children play around in the sand during one of the many raids whilst their parents snatch a meal

DURING ONE OF THE "ALL CLEAR" PERIODS: Life quickly goes on—the policeman directs the traffic; people dash out to do essential shopping; the boarded-up businesses open their doors—until the next alarm

do they seem to be about Ramsgate, that after dropping 500 bombs and destroying more than 1,000 houses in one of the fiercest raids of the war, they returned in their Messerschmitts and machine-gunned the rescuers at their work. All this sounds very terrible but, as Mr. Knickerbocker said after his visit to the town, unless under expert guidance the real damage is hard to find. But when you see the actual houses that have been razed to the ground and are told that only twenty-eight people were killed in the great terror raid, then you know that the tunnel is indeed a Godsend.

Ramsgate's tunnel is 60 ft. underground, can hold 60,000 people—there are only 15,000 left in the town—and cost £60,000. It is semi-circular in shape so that any Ramsgatonian can, by means of a series of underground connecting tunnels, be in the main shelter within five minutes. Every night now the men and women of Ramsgate, if they are not in the civil defence services, with their children go "downstairs" to bed, where they are safe from the biggest bomb.



MAP and DIAGRAM

Invasion Distance Problems Set Forth. The New R.A.F. Incendiary Weapon. The Prime Minister's Speech Geographically Set Forth

WHY THE AREA, DUNKIRK TO BOULOGNE, WAS HEAVILY BOMBED

Last week-end the coastal area between Dunkirk and Boulogne was strafed by the R.A.F. with one of the heaviest aerial bombardments yet undertaken by that force. Barge concentrations at Zeebrugge, Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne were all bombed effectively. It will be noted that the distances from the bombed area to South-East England is very narrow compared with the distances immediately to the South-West. From Beachy Head the distance spreads out to 65 miles; from Havre to Littlehampton is 110 miles; Havre to Southampton 130 miles. The time factor for the passage increases dangerously

INCENDIARY CARDS HAVE BEEN DROPPED EFFECTIVELY OVER GERMAN FORESTS

These small cards of inflammable material have proved very effective in causing fires under varying conditions. It was believed that certain forest areas held works and accumulations of stores: and consequently these forest areas were fired on a number of R.A.F. journeys. The leaves are quite small

The new weapon can be described as a self-igniting leaf. It is designed to set fire to military stores standing in the open, to an arsenal or ammunition factory, to a dump of engineers' stores in the field, to military supplies in an open railway truck in a marshalling yard, to a park of military lorries, and other similar objectives. It has already set alight under suitable conditions woods and forests in Germany (see typical German forest view above) where a military unit or depot or ammunition plant has been concealed. The accusation made by the Germans that the leaves cause poisoning is false. The leaf is not poisonous, but if handled, it would cause burns just as every other incendiary bomb would do.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S SPEECH WHICH REFERRED TO IMPORTANT MOVEMENTS CLOSE AT HOME AND IN THE NEAR EAST

"From strength to strength" was the underlying motif of the speech made by Mr. Winston Churchill to the assembled House of Commons. He dealt with the R.A.F. confidence in its present struggle with the enemy. There were three very important references of a naval character—the coming of the U.S. destroyers and movements in the section of the Mediterranean from Malta to Alexandria

HITLER BOMBS SICK CHILDREN

Destruction at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormonde Street

ONLY BARELY A MISS! The crater caused by a high-explosive bomb which, though intended for the Hospital, fell just at its base, smashing railings and windows

ON ITS MISSION OF DESTRUCTION: The clean hole torn by the 500-lb. bomb on the flat roof of the Hospital as it crashed down to the sixth floor where it detonated

THE NAZIS' IDEA OF WAR: These little victims of German hate are being removed from the bombed Hospital and transferred to a place of safety in an L.C.C. ambulance. No doubt Göring's murderers received the usual Iron Crosses for this latest piece of barbarism

ONCE AN ORDERLY AND PLEASANT WARD: Cots and children's toys mingled pathetically with fallen masonry and rubble—and above it all was the clock, eloquent even in its stillness

THE OPERATING THEATRE: This room contained doctors and nurses at their posts for air raid casualties. They were trapped, but rescued after a few anxious moments

"Come along, we're going to take you out to see the searchlights." Behind those calm, smiling words, uttered by nurses and staff of the Hospital for Sick Children, London, to a group of some 46 little children is yet another story of men and women upon whom naturally falls the mantle of heroes and heroines during a big air raid. Just after midnight on Tuesday, September 9, a Nazi bomber approached the district. High-explosive bombs began to fall with their ominous *crump*. Then it came. Hitler, who has been pictured as a lover of children, had dropped a 500-lb. bomb on this famous children's hospital. The bomb tore a clean hole in the flat roof of the west wing and came hurtling down. It passed through a reinforcement of two floors and detonated itself on its way through the second floor. The children with the nurses were on the fifth floor. The children were all out in ten minutes. But even as they were rescued, there came word of another danger—nurses and doctors at their post in the operating theatre were trapped in fast-rising water. After anxious and vital minutes those doctors and nurses were released

A GRIM REMINDER: Members of the staff examining the base and nose cap of the weapon that the Nazis hurled upon the defenceless and the weak at the Children's Hospital

CENTRAL LONDON'S FIRST AEROPLANE

The Bomber Which Was Brought Down Actually in the Forecourt of Victoria Station

PART OF AN ENEMY FUSELAGE HITS VICTORIA STATION: All on a late-summer morning—and a Sunday at that—there fell with a screeching crash part of a destroyed enemy bomber on to some little properties adjacent to the busy Southern Railway terminus area. It was naturally the sight of the afternoon. No cinema could outdo this scene in the heart of South-Western London

A SUNDAY MORNING CRASH IN LONDON: Sunday, like any other day, has its aerial attacks. While hymns were being sung in the hundreds of London's churches, the malevolent roar of an enemy bomber crashing at Victoria Station rose above every other sound

WINGS AND FINS FALL ALL OVER LONDON ROOFS: Strange autumn leaves fell during last Sunday's disturbed hours—a fragment of wing here, a piece of a tail member there. Above is a typical fragment on a Victoria district street roof

KNOCKING OVER CHIMNEY POTS AS IT CAME TO REST: These fragments of a Dornier bomber crashed on to some low-roofed properties near London's famous terminus for the Channel ports and France. The force of their fall broke groups of chimneys and slates on the roofs

On left—**A HUGE WING TIP CRASHES AMONG THE TREES:** The size of the Heinkel III bombers can be gauged by comparison with the young trees of this wood. An R.A.F. officer has climbed up to the wing tip by the aid of a tree against which the wing is resting

THE BURNED WRECKAGE IS SOMETIMES SMALL AS IN THE CASE OF THIS FALLEN HEINKEL III: Last Sunday was a remarkable one and not soon forgotten by those who were lucky enough to see the actual destruction of German planes over the South-Eastern area. The deadly reapers in the shape of R.A.F. fighters were in the sky over the Home Counties and the London area

AN ESCAPE FROM THE WAR

A Lesson Learnt; Autumn Reading; A Note on Fame and Names and Mrs. Barrett

LESSONS OF WAR.—A Labour Minister in the Government aptly expressed the hope that when this war is over at last, some of the sound and sane reforms it has brought us will survive. It is strange that it has taken the pressure of a life and death struggle to persuade us of the wisdom of growing food in these islands, not as a hobby but as a vital safeguard, and that it is a crime, and not merely venial laziness, to waste materials of all kinds which can be used again.

No doubt the conditions of war and the conditions of peace are so different that what seems a crime in war may be even economically justified in peace. It may be that in peace, if peace could be assured, it pays an industrial nation to neglect food production and to concentrate on factory production. It may be that in peace it is more stimulating to trade to burn waste paper and fats, to dump old iron, tin and aluminium over the countryside and to use our mercantile marine to fetch more raw material than would be really necessary if we refashioned used products. In short, reconditioning may not in peace be a commercial proposition. It may be cheaper to waste. I do not know. It is difficult to believe that that which is never justified of the individual may be justified of a nation. It seems common sense to suppose that, if we save and recondition waste products in peace, we must have as a nation more wealth to employ for social needs.

Shall we once more slip back, when peace brings again that divine and damnable "sense of security," to some of the crimes of yesterday, big and small? Dumps of metal, hecatombs of paper, burnt sacrifices of essential fats and bones, the hedging of all our green oases with hideous iron railings, the use by lazy housewives of tinned vegetables to save the trouble of gathering and preparing seasonable green stuffs which are going to waste.

Will rebounding commerce resume the reckless waste of circularisation; shall we once more waste paper in useless books, wrappers, printed nonsense and redundant precis; will the countryside once more be littered with the hideous evidence of laziness, thoughtlessness and waste? After the Four Years War, national fellowship and sympathy between classes survived exactly five weeks; political vendettas broke out within three weeks, as bitter as those which existed in the spring of 1914. During 1919 such an orgy of waste broke out as never before had been witnessed in our history. Will that happen again? If there be a chance of it, here and now in the very height of our struggle for survival, it would pay us a hundred per cent. to examine the means to prevent the recurrence of such tragic follies and to employ the best available brains to that end.

A YORKSHIRE HOMESTEAD: Shandy Hall, Coxwold, Yorkshire. From 1760–1768 it was the home of the Reverend Laurence Sterne, the celebrated humorist and author of *Tristram Shandy*. There is a tablet above the front door stating that he wrote *Tristram Shandy* and *Sentimental Journey* whilst living in the house but it appears that the first two books of the former were written at Sutton-in-the-Forest, a village not many miles away

COMMEMORATING BREAD PRICES: These quaint tablets showing the various prices of bread through several wars is on the churchyard wall at Great Wishford, Wilts. It will be noted that the price is calculated in gallons. What will it be after this war?

Autumn Reading.—One or two correspondents have asked me to supply a list of books of "escape literature" quality for the shortening days. Here is a mixed bag of tried favourites, for highbrow and lowbrow tastes, most of them old, but quite easy to pick up.

NOVELS—*The Way of All Flesh* (S. Butler); *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* (Trollope); *The Great House* and *Chippinge* (S. Weyman); *The Old Wives' Tale* (A. Bennett); *St. Ives* and *The Master of Ballantrae* (Stevenson); *The Fountain* (C. Morgan); *Victory* and *Chance* and *Typhoon* (Conrad); *The Real Charlotte* (Somerville and Ross); *John Inglesant* (Shorthouse); *Lorna Doone* (Blackmore).

THRILLERS — *The Moonstone* (Collins); *Sir John Macgill's Last Journey* (Crofts); *The Motor Rally Mystery* (Rhode); *The Red House Mystery* (Milne).

SEA AND ADVENTURE—*Wreck of the Grosvenor* (Clark Russell); and any of the Scott Antarctic classics.

HISTORY, AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LITERARY—*Father and Son* (Gosse); *Autobiography* (Trollope); *Journal of the Plague Year* (Defoe); *Shakespeare* (Raleigh); *Spanish Story of the Armada* and *English Seamen of the XVIth Century* (Froude).

What's in a Name?—Chance decides that this or that commonplace name shall become a household word or a historical label. Captain Jenkins was a commonplace seaman with a commonplace name but the loss of his ear got him and his name a niche in history. Don Pacifico, Baron Profumo, Mr. Burke, Quisling, to take a few names at random from scores, became a part of history or language through no merits of their own.

What is amusing in this chance immortality is the fact that often the name seems to bear or to acquire the colour of the action which gives it historical fame.

"Quisling" exactly describes the actions it commemorates. "Vichy" again. Can you think of a name which more exactly defines the component elements of the men of Vichy?—unless it were Seidlitz. Weygand's worried face screams out the word. Port for men, champagne for heroes, Vichy water for defeatists. Bubb Dodington is as perfect a name for the buffoon who bore it as if it had been a Shakespearean invention such as Toby Belch or Andrew Ague-cheek. And if the R.A.F. raid on Italian lorries was as devastating and important as we are led to believe, Mogadishu was happily named for its niche. Doubtless, the jade Clio has a sense of humour strongly developed—and small wonder.

GUNS OF AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 200 YEARS AGO JUST DISCOVERED IN THE COMMANDER ISLANDS IN THE BERING SEA: While exploring the islands, a recent expedition came across a number of old guns left on the shore by Vitus Bering, the Danish navigator, who began his voyages of exploration in 1725, seeking the eastern limits of the northern coast of Asia. He made his headquarters in Kamchatka and in 1741 founded Petropavlovsk. He made various voyages in the hope of finding land to the eastward and actually reached Alaska. On his return he was wrecked on a desert island, where he died on December 19, 1741. The Sea, the Island, and the Strait, all known as Bering, commemorate his explorations

A Note on Moles.—No doubt we are wrong to let our vexation with mole-heaps in beds and on lawns and paths carry us to the length of trapping moles. Their food is insects and grubs and their preference is for those grubs most damaging to grassland and many valuable forms of vegetable growth; the grubs of the click beetle and the leather beetle. Where moles have been exterminated, farmers have had to pay big sums to destroy these beetles.

The mole catcher is not a luxury, but a danger. The trouble is those dents and pits which the mining of moles causes on smooth lawns and paths, the soft places in pastures. But the earth they force up is the best possible top dressing, if patiently spread. Because the earth faults remain, we call in the mole catcher or use a trap to save our plants and preserve our lawns. Thus we remove a nuisance and encourage a deadly danger. The mole by the way is probably the strongest animal for its size in creation. In the insect world it has rivals and superiors in strength. Somewhere in his writings, Sir Herbert Maxwell quoted an experiment made on a mole's strength. One was found which could drag behind it eight corpses of its fellows. Sir Herbert guessed that a Clydesdale horse could probably not *drag along the ground* more than two dead Clydesdales.

Mrs. Barrett—War Veteran.—Mrs. Barrett celebrated at Southampton the other day her hundredth birthday. I daresay things were lively in the air that day. She has known so many wars and now that one has come to her door, she is perhaps too old, or too experienced, for it to worry her. She was of course interviewed on the great day and she told a reporter that she did not take sugar in her tea; she had in fact given it up at the time of the battle of Balaclava. I daresay it had not seemed to her worth while to start again, for her memories assure her that England is always at war or threatened with war, and if those wars don't bring rationing of foodstuffs it is a graceful gesture to do without, when the soldiers are enduring hardship.

Let us take comfort from the thought that Mrs. Barrett has survived so many wars. Perhaps they do not lay such violent hands as we think on the constitutions of those who are spared the bullets and splinters. Perhaps she owes her longevity to the fact that she refuses sugar in her tea, or perhaps she learned the greatest lesson that can benefit human beings—to control her imagination and her thoughts. Anyway, she has scored a century and finds one war very like another.

Die-hards and Mis-used Energy.—The Archbishop of York, the other day, condemned to perdition the invention of the internal combustion engine. One can hardly blame him, for to-day it may well stand as the prime cause of three-quarters of the terrors and miseries which rain upon the human race.

But for it we should be still an island, but for it France would still be France. Dr. Temple's curse falls too late, and, assuming that episcopal curses are effective, one of his predecessors should have nipped the invention in the bud fifty years ago.

The internal combustion engine, the inventions of flying and of wireless, these three modern discoveries have conferred great and, in one instance, supreme benefits on mankind. But as instruments in the hands of evil men their potentialities for evil must have been foreseen had mankind the slightest faculty for seeing ahead. I believe one or two with clearer vision did foresee. It is said that Northcliffe, hearing of Blériot's triumph, pronounced that Britain had ceased to be an island. He metaphorically rolled up our map of Europe.

With these three inventions there was none of the fury and hatred which absurdly sought to resist earlier inventions, and of course completely failed to arrest their progress.

Die-hards are the most short-sighted of human beings. They waste a fine store of energy which should be employed, not in attempting to block the progress of an impulse which cannot be stopped, but in guiding it from behind into safe channels. But they never try to do that.

J. G.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 8

Remember to pin up this useful advertisement in your kitchen

DO without that second helping, that extra snack, unless you really need them. Turn today's scraps into tomorrow's soups and savouries. *Our waste is Hitler's weapon.*

Save food! Save money! Save cargo space for munitions!

Remember to turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning. You'll hear many useful household hints.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

BLACKBERRY JAM

Allow 1 lb. sugar to each lb. fruit. The blackberries must not be over-ripe. Put the fruit in a pan, and after sprinkling the sugar over it, let it stand for 3 or 4 hours. Place the pan over a low fire and stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is quite dissolved and the mixture comes to the boil. Boil rapidly for 15 minutes stirring all the time. Then begin to test by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when you push it with your finger, the jam is at setting-point. Take the pan from the fire. Cool a little. Remove the scum if it is very thick and pour the jam into clean, dry, *warm* jars. Cover immediately. *If the jam is for immediate use, only ¾ lb. sugar is necessary for each lb. fruit.*

A Grand Use for Stale Bread

Cut the stale ends of your loaves into neat pieces and bake them in the oven whenever you happen to have it on. They make crisp, delicious rusks, excellent for the children's teeth.

Grated Carrot Sandwich

Carrots are an exceptionally health-giving food and are rich in natural sugar. A grated carrot sandwich, preferably made with wholemeal bread, is a fine sustainer for an energetic child.

HEALTH HINT. Steam your vegetables rather than boil them. Steaming conserves their goodness. If you have to boil them, use very little water and save that water for gravy or soup. Never over-cook them. It wastes fuel and destroys much of their nourishing content.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

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when children plead for something sweet

IT'S hard to explain to children the present need for conserving shipping space. The only space they are interested in is the hollow space just below their ribs.

And quite right they are, too. When they plead for something sweet, they are only asking for what every active and growing child needs — an extra ration of energy.

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The natural sweetness of Horlicks — which comes from the milk sugar and malt sugars in it — will delight them and give them that added energy in a form they can use at once: in the valuable form that passes into the bloodstream almost immediately, without putting any strain on the digestion. They won't "make themselves sick" drinking Horlicks! It will do them good.

It will do them good for other reasons besides the quick energy it gives. For Horlicks also provides body-building protein[1] and calcium[2]. There's fresh, full-cream milk in it, too, and every child should have milk every day: milk is one of the very best "protective" foods there are.

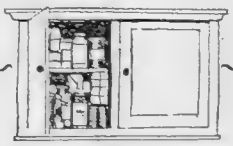
A COMPLETE FOOD

Being a complete food, Horlicks helps to make good any lack of certain elements in children's other food and corrects any tendency to monotony in their diet. This is important when free choice of foods is limited.

So let your children have Horlicks! They'll adore it, and they'll be all the better for it! Prices from 2/-, the same as before the war. At all chemists and grocers.

[1] *Horlicks is 14%-15% protein, one-half of which is "first-class protein" derived from milk.*

[2] *Horlicks contains calcium to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. The milk sugar in Horlicks helps the growing child to use calcium to the best advantage.*



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In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only and can be taken cold if gas or electricity supplies fail. It keeps indefinitely even after the bottle has been opened, if the cap is replaced tightly. For safety's sake, get an extra stock of Horlicks now.

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The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

LITERARY STYLISTS

Escapists, Sophisticates and Raconteurs

IN a newspaper the other day I saw that among the persons listed in the United States as missing were seventy thousand husbands. With that interesting piece of information the news item stopped abruptly. The charitable view would, of course, be that the seventy thousand were all suffering from amnesia; but I am afraid that it would need a good measure of faith and hope to support that view. Such items may in some degree explain a prevalent trend in fiction. Many and varied are the urges which drive a man to want to Get Away From it All. The literature thus provoked is called escapist, and in this context we have even come across that dreadful word escapology. I wish one of the pseudo-scientists would explain that news item, however. Why, for instance, are so many of these devotees of escape, men, and married men at that?

Mr. Lucton, the hero of Mr. Francis Brett Young's new novel, MR. LUCTON'S FREEDOM (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), is almost a perfect specimen. With the deft arrangement of circumstances which put a few thousand pounds in notes in his pocket at the opportune moment, the stage is all set for Mr. Lucton to do a bunk. Yet by all the standards he should have been a contented man. He was successful, respected, and well in line for municipal office in North Bromwich. But he had a wife with social ambitions, and some children equally determined to see them fulfilled. They got him to the point of turning out of the old home he loved, and with the purchase money in his pocket, Mr. Lucton decided that that was the end.

In that end was also the beginning: the beginning of a new life in the lush and friendly valleys and hills of the Welsh border. There he could taste the joys of life as a farm labourer. He could play village cricket and enjoy fishing as only Mr. Brett Young knows how to enjoy fishing. He could get mixed up with village parsons, poets, lovely girls, and elderly ladies in distress; and, with his banknotes safely tucked away, could enjoy the simple life as well as the next man. Then one day came the call of duty, and he must go back, and it is to be assumed that everyone concerned is the better, the wiser and the happier for his experience.

Mr. Brett Young is essentially a novelist of atmosphere and is always in his happiest and most delightful mood in the country he loves so well. His easy and friendly style is well suited to this subject, and there is very little doubt but that *Mr. Lucton's Freedom* will be very popular.

The novels of Miss Kate Mary Bruce may be said to fit the dictionary meaning of the word sophisticate. She can turn a neat story to a pattern and adorn it with wit and epigram. In that sense she is always good for entertainment, and that is indeed as good a purpose as any other for a novel in these days. WOMEN NEVER LEARN (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) is on the brightly-contrived theme of the trouble which the children of divorcees must lay up for themselves if they insist on falling in love and marrying. Divorce, in the days of their fathers and mothers, still wore a slightly disreputable air. People who were divorced had then to endure the full limelight of publicity and were subject to laws only slightly more archaic than they are now.

Caroline's mother took her father away from the other woman, and that the other woman was her father's first and legitimate wife, and a person who never forgot or forgave, adds piquancy to the situation. Stephen was the son of Caroline's father's first wife's second marriage, and of course Stephen and Caroline had to meet and to come to the irrevocable conclusion that neither could live without the other.

It was also reasonable that Stephen should have a strong electra complex, but not so inevitable that Miss Bruce should introduce a compensatory element in the form of Caroline's grandmother, Dolly.

In the words of a famous foreign dramatist, "In English comedy I find there is always an old woman who talks silly." We know what he means. Dolly is the real authentic omniscient type of old woman who knows everything and is full of wise saws and good advice, and it is just as well for the story of Caroline that she was there to provide the kind of trenchant horse-sense of which this is a typical example.

"You know the kind of woman," observed Dolly, in bitter parenthesis, "who does not like men for any of the reasons that other women like 'em for, the kind who says she hates to be kissed, and boasts about it. A walking frigidaire with the coquetry of a queen bee. They're always the most possessive. They're about as passionate as a slab of cold fish, they talk in their superior way about man's grosser nature, say he's an animal and all the rest of it, but if it comes to a showdown, they fight like the tigers over an antelope in the jungle."

It is really the story of Caroline against the world—the world being her immediate family. For, in her battle with Clare, she finds herself ranged against them all, Stephen and her own mother included. It ends on the happy issue, but perhaps not out of all her afflictions, for, as far as I can see, she still has the rest of her life to live with Stephen.

All sorts and kinds of people write autobiography. Self-revelation is a modern literary epidemic and, let us face it, some of the results are rather dreary. Famous men and women can become positive bores, while the reticences of the infamous sometimes only succeed in turning them into titillating nuisances.

Every now and again, however, somebody pops up with an original personality, with a new slant on life, and with a lively pen to make his anecdotage readable.

Mr. C. E. Vulliamy tackles his life story with a kind of impish gaiety which is infectious from the word go. He takes his text from Edward Lear, and calls his book CALICO PIE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.). It may be true that the little birds of memory fly down to the Calico Tree and then away again, but he seems to have captured enough of them to make good sport in these pages. What fun he has inventing names like Llanwisgog, Lord Thunderstone, Mrs. Priddell Abersoddy and Dr. Kilderkin, and mixing them up with real people and fooling around with subjects usually regarded as sacred by music lovers.

Mr. Vulliamy enjoyed his full measure of the whirl of the last war, and has already had a crack at being Quartermaster and Adjutant in this one. He is also an archæologist, but in case it should be thought that he can be reduced to the solemnities by that science, the following should be a corrective.

"Of course I do not include under the term 'archæologist,' any of those feeble-witted or mendacious people who call themselves Children of the Zodiac, and I know not what, and those who see Roland or Vortigern or King Arthur standing at sunrise in a stone circle of the chalcolithic period (with which they have no association whatever); or those, even more owlish, whose demented fancy likes to trace in Wiltshire the astronomical or religious devices of Egyptian or Chaldean; or the quite incomprehensible noodles who pick up lumps of rock in a quarry and exhibit them to other noodles as the work of a prehistoric Praxiteles."

On a more general subject he can be equally provocative.

"Then there is man's malodorous, insanitary, noisy and obscene companion, the dog. The cult of this brute is among the sad and incomprehensible things of modern life. It reduces the cynophil or cynomaniac to the level of an imbecile, an imbecile in whom the finer sensibilities are completely extinct. It is the dog, of course, who ought to be extinct."

These are samples of Mr. Vulliamy's vivacious and highly entertaining opinions. Here for once is a life that is full of life; sparkling, bubbling and most excellent entertainment.

Not only fishermen, but all who enjoy the tranquil and reflective pleasures will welcome Mr. A. R. B. Haldane's BY MANY WATERS (Thomas Nelson. 10s. 6d). It is a record of fishing and walking by many famous rivers in Hampshire, Gloucestershire, the Highlands, of Ireland and the streams of the Black Forest and of the woods and valleys of Austria, and a very charming record it is too.

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—*Continued from page iii of cover.*

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

IN normal years at this time plans are usually well advanced on where to take up autumn and winter residence; but this September the problem is being aggravated by the fact that warmth of climate must be coincident with a "safe area." Further, there are less hotels to choose from, for, apart from prohibited areas, many a favourite residential hotel has been taken over by the Government, or occupied by schools or business houses.

Bath is an excellent example of a spa whose high season is normally the autumn and winter period, but this year there is little hotel accommodation to offer, especially in the centre of the city.

On a recent visit I was glad, however, to find that the Lansdown Grove Hotel is still open to visitors, for at the Lansdown there is a certain pleasant feeling of atmosphere which encourages one to take up prolonged residence there.

Amongst Bath's many good hotels of peace days the Lansdown Grove has stood alone in more senses than one. To my mind it has great merit in situation, for instead of being in the centre of the city, which tends to be enervating, it stands 600 ft. up, faces south and lords the city from its position at the back of the Grand Circle.

Being under first-class control, it is an hotel which has always been kept up-to-date as regards decorations and furnishings. There is a cosy feeling about the public rooms; for although they are centrally heated, I have pleasant recollections of the open coal fire places with their dancing lights.

Another outstanding feature of the Lansdown Grove is that one experiences evenness of temperature throughout the hotel with no draughty corridors to be faced. All the bedrooms have either gas or electric fires, and if the time of your arrival is known, you can be sure when you get there that there will be a warm bedroom to meet you.

On sunny days there are shady and restful gardens where one can forget for a time thoughts of war, and if there is an autumnal nip in the air, summer warmth can still be enjoyed in a large and airy sun-lounge.

There is a personal touch to be found at the Lansdown Grove, in that one's specific requirements do get personal attention. Prescribed diets are prepared if necessary, though generally speaking it will be found that the sound English cooking one gets at the Lansdown suits all but the very few.

I have heard it said that the one disadvantage of the Lansdown Grove is that it is like climbing a mountain to reach it, but there is an hotel bus which runs frequently between the hotel and the city, and so levels out the hill. From there, should your bedroom be one of the upper floors, there is a lift to translate you.

Terms at the Lansdown run from 5-6 guineas inclusive.

This year it will be necessary to find "pastures new," and it will be found that some of the pleasantest hotels are situated in districts which have not as yet established for themselves a winter reputation. Any district which has the appellation "North" has had difficulty in the past to build up a winter trade.

It may be that this year the desire for a "safe area" may override the erroneous impressions about districts such as North Wales, the Lake District and North Cornwall.

Under the shadow of the Great Orme, facing due south, there is a most admirable hotel for autumn and winter residence called Gogarth Abbey, Llandudno. It is the original home of "Alice in Wonderland," and those who have experienced at the back end of the year its warmth within and the sunshine without, have coveted the secret of this winter residence and kept it to themselves.

It is one of those hotels where every room has individual attractive appeal. An hotel which, if I remember rightly, is centrally heated throughout; and if occasionally you hear a wail it is not an air raid siren but one of the many varied types of sea birds which make the Great Orme their home.

Travelling farther north there is still warmth to be had and peacefulness.

On a sheltered knoll commanding that beautiful expanse of Windermere lies Langdale Chase Hotel, and here, if ever there was one, is that country house type of building which seems to have been especially built for autumn and winter residence.

Warm and inviting bedrooms, a large galleried lounge—make a perfect setting for a Christmas party. Most of the windows overlook the Lake and the hotel is completely sheltered from any icy blasts.

There may be some who think one is too cut off from the world at Langdale Chase, but that is an entirely erroneous impression, for lying as it does betwixt Windermere and Grasmere one is witnin walking distance of the essentials of civilisation.

"Signpost."—My friend W. G. McMinnies has recently published a war-time edition of *Signpost* and this, like its predecessors, is an invaluable book of reference of worth-while hotels, not only in England and Wales but also in Scotland.

Naturally, there have been since the publication of this book a number of "war casualties," and it would be advisable to contact hotels either by telephone or letter prior to visiting them. But practically all recommendations in inland areas still hold good, and as they nearly all carry my personal recommendation as well, SPHERE readers are not likely to be let down in following in Mr. McMinnies' footsteps.

Signpost is published at 3s. 6d., and can be obtained at your usual bookseller.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

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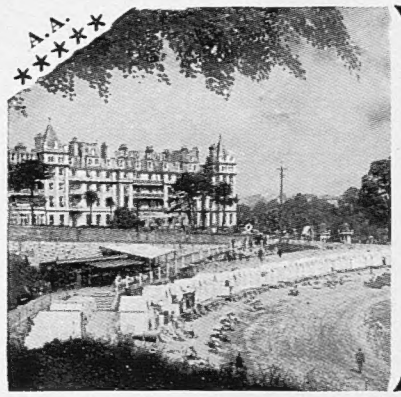

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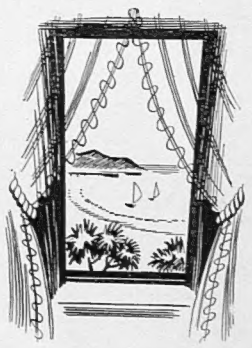

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